The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th of May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the 15th* June, *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Professor Henry Drummond's new work on Evolution will be ready on May 15th. It will be about five hundred pages in length, and the price will be 7s. 6d. net. The title will be 'The Lowell Lecture on the Ascent of Man.' It will be published in America by Messrs. Pott, and a large sale is looked for on both sides of the Atlantic.

Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, has contributed some interesting notes on the career of the late Professor Minto to the biography which is to be written by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews.

We understand that our valued contributor, Professor C. H. Herford, of Aberystwyth, is a candidate for the Chalmers chair in the University of Aberdeen. Professor Hugh Walker, of Lampeter, is also a candidate. We understand that the students have signed a memorial in favour of Mr. H. J. C. Grierson, M.A., who has been doing the work of the chair during the interval.

We understand that a new sixpenny illustrated paper is to be commenced under the editorship of a gentleman well known through his previous connection with other journals of a similar type. We hear that the title is to be the *Hour*.

Mr. Quiller Couch is preparing a new Elizabethan Anthology. There is room for such a book if done in a comprehensive spirit, and Mr. Couch's judgment and skill may be trusted.

A portrait of Emily Brontë, the only one known, has been recently discovered, and has been engraved for publication in the July number of the *Woman at Home*. It is pronounced by some of those who knew Emily Brontë an excellent likeness. The *Woman at Home* has also secured a hitherto unpublished manuscript by Emily Brontë, which will appear later on.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book 'In Varying Moods' was published by Messrs. Blackwood on April 21st. On the same day, the writer sailed for California. Miss Harraden, whose health has considerably improved, hopes to return to England in October. She intends to work at her

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

new novel, of which only the Prologue has been written. The title of one of the stories in 'In Varying Moods' has been changed from "A Bird of Passage," under which name it originally appeared in *Blackwood*, to "A Bird on its Journey," as it was found that the title "A Bird of Passage" had been previously used by Mr. B. M. Croker.

Olive Schreiner has received the congratulations of the Pioneer Club on her marriage. She has replied in a warm-hearted letter, which was read at a recent meeting of the Pioneers.

Messrs. McClure and Co., Bedford Street, are to publish in the autumn new works by Robert Louis Stevenson and Dr. Conan Doyle. This is no small distinction for a young firm. Mr. Stevenson's book will be 'The Ebb Tide,' already published in Mr. Jerome's paper *To-day*. Dr. Doyle's will be 'The Stark-Monro Letters,' to be published in the *Idler*. They give an autobiography of a young medical man.

Maarten Maartens is preparing a story for the Christmas number of *Good Words*. He is staying for a few weeks at the National Club, Whitehall.

That excellent novel, 'Diana Tempest,' is passing into a

third edition. The author, Miss Cholmondeley, is, we understand, the daughter of a country clergyman, the Rector of Hodnet, in Shropshire.

The great question which agitates publishing circles at present has not, so far as we are aware, yet come before the general public. It is the fact that the circulating libraries, and notably one very prominent library, have greatly restricted their orders for three-volume novels. They complain that by ordering large numbers of three-volume novels, they are left without a profit. So, however great the demand for particular books may be, they make their subscribers wait, firmly refusing to go beyond a certain point in their purchases. The result is that in many cases novels of which 500 copies would have been taken some years ago are ordered to the extent only of 150 or 200 copies. It is easy to see that this threatens to alter the whole system of publication, in fact it may lead very quickly to the abandonment of the three-volume size. The hope of authors will rest more and more in single volume editions and in newspapers and magazines.

The *Inquirer* states that, under medical advice, Mrs. Humphry Ward has had to take a long rest since the completion of her last work, 'Marcella'; but she hopes to be able to deliver a lecture at Essex Hall on Tuesday, June 19th.

A leading publishing firm are projecting a new Pseudonym Library.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. will shortly publish Mrs. Piatt's poems in two volumes, which, besides containing all the verses by her hitherto published in this country —with the exception of those referring to her residence in Ireland ('An Enchanted Castle and Other Poems,' issued last year)—will comprise many additional pieces, including a number of her earlier poems.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, author of 'The Raiders,' is to contribute a serial story to *Good Words*. The title will be 'The Killing Time.' The other story in *Good Words* for next year will be by Mr. W. Clark Russell. It will be called 'A Heart of Oak.'

Mr. Besant is at present staying in Blois. His new novel will be commenced in *Tit-Bits* in July. The title is 'A Crown Windfall.'

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has arrived, and will stay in England for several months preparing for the press his new volume of poems. Mr. Kipling's 'Jungle Book' will be published in May.

The heads of two of the largest American syndicates are at present in London on the look-out for good serial fiction.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will shortly issue a new work by Mr. Sala, the title being 'London up to Date.'

Mr. Rider Haggard's new serial story will be commenced in *Pearson's Weekly* in August.

Dr. Conan Doyle is at present writing a novel, dealing to some extent with sport in the early part of this century.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Henry Herman is seriously unwell.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn is at present staying in Ireland, and is busy preparing the successor to 'A Yellow Aster.'

We have received from Messrs. Bentley an index to the hundred volumes now published of their excellent magazine, *Temple Bar*. It will be very serviceable, but we much regret that a thorough-going attempt was not made to connect the names of the writers with their articles. This would have made it a book of great literary value. It would also have enhanced the interest of old volumes of the magazine. The *Atlantic Monthly*, which for a long time did not publish the names of contributors, issued an index of the kind desiderated, with the authorship assigned to each article, and to students of American literature there are few more valuable aids. The index to *Harper's* is also admirable. In these ways we lag sadly behind the Americans.

Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane have taught us to expect so much that we confess to a little disappointment with the first volume of the 'Yellow Book.' There is some good reading in it, and two or three of the illustrations are novel and pleasing. But the general effect is unsatisfactory. Mr. Henry James's story "The Death of a Lion" is perhaps the most notable contribution, but it is not on the level of his best work, and it seems in parts dangerously personal. The poems and essays reach a fair magazine level, but do not rise above it. A word of praise should be given to Miss D'Arcy's story "Irremediable," and Dr. Garnett's "Love Story of Luiga Tansillo" shows his usual grace and refinement. On the whole, however, the periodical is not yet a success. There are, however, possibilities in the idea. A word of protest should be spoken against the repellent hideousness of the cover.

The speech which attracted the greatest attention at the London Booksellers' dinner was that of Mr. John Murray. Mr. Murray spoke ably and strongly on the discouraging features of the present outlook. He said that the book trade had been passing through a period of depression unprecedented since the days which brought down Sir Walter Scott. We venture with great respect to doubt whether this is so. Within the last few years quite a number of new publishers have started, and several of them are already in the front rank. We do not know any time when so many books ran beyond ten thousand. If we are wrong, it will be easy to correct us by pointing out such a period. The business done by bookbinders is a fair test of the circulation of books, and we believe that in the case of the leading bookbinders, the volume of trade this winter is as great as ever. Further, it will probably be admitted that the most authoritative indications of the present state of the book trade are to be found in the Wholesale Trade Report which we publish every month. Our readers are aware that the tendency of these reports is, on the whole, hopeful and encouraging. Certainly authors have never had such a time of prosperity as in recent years. Speaking from personal knowledge we can say that, eight years ago, it was possible to secure articles for from three to five guineas, for which the price now asked would not be less than from £50 to £70. Unfortunately the prosperity of authors by no means

proves the prosperity of publishers and booksellers, although in the long run it will appear that the interests of the three are identical.

In an article on Sir Walter Scott, in the *Scottish Review*, there is a very interesting correction of that most accurate of editors, Mr. David Douglas, Mr. Douglas referring to the last entry in Scott's Journal, dated 16th April, 1832, and referring to the journey from Naples to Rome as "probably the last words ever penned by Scott." It will be remembered that the extract closed thus: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning——." The *Scottish Review* points out, however, that in Rome Scott made the acquaintance of the Countess Wolkonsky, a lady of Polish extraction, who was one of his devoted admirers; and at her request he wrote several verses, which must have been indited after the last date in the Journal. The holograph manuscript of these lines is now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, and as they are very little known, we reproduce them. It will be noted that Scott had forgotten the name of the lady to whom he addressed his poem.

Verses written by the Countess of Wollenluss' request: a Russian lady.

"Lady, they say thy native land,
Unlike this clime of fruit and flowers,
Loves, like the minstrel's northern strain,
The sterner share of Nature's powers.
Even Beauty's powers of empery
Decay in the decaying bowers,
Until even you may set a task
Too heavy for the poet's powers.

Mortals in vain—so says the Text—
Seek grapes from briars, from thistles corn;
Say, can fair Wollenluss expect
Fruit from a withered Scottish thorn?
Time once there was, alas!—but now
That time returns not now again;
The shades upon the dial cast
Proceed, but pass not back again.

Yet in this land of lengthened day,
Where April wears the autumn's hue;
Awakened by the genial ray,
Thoughts of past visions strive to blow.
The blood grows warm, the nerves expand,
The stiffened fingers take the pen,
And——"

We learn that the novels of George Eliot have as large a circulation as ever. It is a curious fact that the only author who has even temporarily affected the circulation of these works is Edna Lyall. For a year or two Edna Lyall's books were extremely popular in the Midland Counties, where George Eliot sells most largely, and they had for a year or two a perceptible influence in the sale of George Eliot's stories.

Mr. Clement Shorter has completed an introduction to the works of Henry Kingsley, which is to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. Mr. Shorter has been assisted by contributions from Miss Thackeray and other friends of Kingsley.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York, have published a most beautiful edition of 'The Cloister and the Hearth' in two volumes, with illustrations from drawings by William Martin Johnson. We have seldom seen a more charming book. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are its publishers in this country. While Reade's general reputation does not grow, his great novel continually advances in popularity and esteem.

Mr. Norman Maclean, Hebrew lecturer at Christ's College, Cambridge, will contribute an article on Professor Robertson Smith's life in Cambridge to the June number of the *Expositor*.

Among the contents, interesting to the general as well as the political reader, of Mr. Alfred F. Robbins's 'Early Public Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' which Messrs. Methuen and Co. are very shortly to publish, will be the late Prime Minister's earliest contributions to the newspaper press. One of these, which has never been reprinted, is an account, signed with a pseudonym, of the famous debate at the Oxford Union in May, 1831, upon the first Reform Bill, in which Mr. Gladstone by general admission took the leading part. His literary efforts, equally with his political, during the opening years of his career, will receive, indeed, special attention; and a full account of the genesis and development of, and contemporary criticisms upon his work of 1838, 'The State in its Relations with the Church,' with its pendant, 'Church Principles considered in their Results,' published two years later, will be given. There will also be a description and analysis of the pamphlets on political and social subjects written by the statesman's father (Sir John Gladstone), which, though long forgotten, contain many points worthy of note in connection with the career of the more famous son.

Mr. C. H. Cook, the "John Bickerdyke" whose sporting novel, 'A Banished Beauty,' is announced by Messrs. Blackwood, is well known to anglers. His 'Book of the All-Round Angler' is one of the most practical works on the sport; and his new book, 'Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs,' which Messrs. A. Constable and Co. have in the press, deals with the Thames Conservancy question, and will, no doubt, advocate those anglers' rights on the Thames of which Mr. Cook has for long been the champion.

It is a pity that Mr. Victor Collins' 'Attempt at a Catalogue of the Library of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte' could not have been carried out upon a larger scale. A mere list of short titles and dates, with here and there the briefest possible note, will prove of very little use to the student or bibliographer of the future. But after all to have catalogued fully and thoroughly the whole of the 13,699 works contained in the collection would have been a great task; and when the present catalogue has served to advertise the library, and attract a purchaser for it, it will doubtless have answered the purpose for which it was intended. To sell the library *en bloc* would, of course, be very satisfactory to the present owner; but it will probably eventually have to be disposed of under the hammer.

The seventh volume of 'Book Prices Current' has been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. The average of the various

collections of books sold during 1893 was not high, no library of any real importance having made its appearance in the auction-room. The sale of most of the more interesting volumes has already been noted in THE BOOKMAN from time to time, so it is hardly necessary to again refer to them here. It is a pity that Mr. J. H. Slater does not devote more attention to his descriptions of the various lots, as the expenditure of a very little additional time and labour would add greatly to the permanent utility and value of his work. The plan Mr. Slater adopts is simply to reprint the auctioneers' catalogues, excluding such lots as bring less than £1 each, and adding the prices realised. Now an auctioneer's cataloguer is a very fallible individual, and he works moreover with a keen eye to time, and his lists are necessarily teeming with errors of description and detail—which Mr. Slater systematically repeats. A description that may amply suffice for purposes of sale is of little use afterwards, even when price is added; because at the time of sale the buyer has the book itself before him and can see its condition, whereas when consulting 'Book Prices Current' he needs an accurate and detailed account of state and condition if he is to estimate fairly the value of a particular copy of any work.

Among the journalistic ventures of next season will probably be a rival to *Punch*, a formidable rival if we are not much mistaken.

After a very successful career of 106 years as a monthly, *Le Journal des Debats* has decided to become a weekly publication. It is issued in handy quarto size, stitched, and gives a complete review of the world's progress in politics, science, and literature.

Mr. Oswald Crawford has been added to the directorate of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ld. The result of the business for 1893 is said to be unsatisfactory, the company having been affected by the bad business times of last year. The gross profits amounted to £11,869 2s. The expenses during the same period were £6,921 9s. 11d., leaving, with the amount brought forward last year, £5,343 4s. 7d. to be dealt with. The directors recommend that a dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum be declared on the preference capital, and at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum on the ordinary capital. Salaries and wages take up £3,873 13s. 6d., rents, rates, taxes, and fire insurance £604 3s. 6d., sundry expenses and establishment charges £1,496 6s., directors' remuneration £300. The value of the Dickens copyrights, stereos, steel plates, wood blocks, electros, etc., is put at £41,167, miscellaneous copyrights are valued at £10,119, and the stock at £35,802 10s. 1d.

It will no doubt be remembered that when in February of last year THE BOOKMAN recorded the discovery of Mr. Ruskin's 'Queen's Gardens', 1864, and gave a description of the only copy then known, the writer of the article very guardedly observed: "Unique of course it is not, though the owner may for the present please himself by thinking so. Doubtless other examples will sooner or later be brought to light." And so it has happened, for since that date *two* other copies have been recovered. One has found a fitting and final resting place in the John Rylands Library, at Manchester; and thus the "City of Cotton Goods," where the pamphlet appears to have been printed, can at length boast the possession of an example of it. The other copy has been unearthed by the energy of Miss Clara Millard, the "book-finder," of Teddington. It is uncut and unbound, and as clean as can be expected after remaining without covers for thirty years. Certainly a heavy ransom will have to be paid before the book leaves the hands of its present fortunate owner.

During the past month, Messrs. Hodgson have sold a copy of that Thackeray rarity which Mr. W. Roberts in the course of his recent article upon 'The First Edition Mania' declared "would be an imposition at sixpence." This was 'Flore et Zephyr Ballet Mythologuique, par Theophile Wagstaffe.' 1836. The book (which consists of nine lithographed plates, slightly tinted) was in poor condition throughout, and the covers were considerably damaged, and yet despite its unattractive state it brought £99—at present the record price. The underbidder, a well-known West End bookseller, declares that he holds commissions for *three* copies at £90 each. Twelve or thirteen years ago the present writer refused an immaculate specimen at £24.

Mr. H. Arthur Doubleday, in reference to a paragraph in our last issue, writes that his firm, Archibald Constable and Co., of Westminster, is not new, and that he has no intention of publishing under any other name.

On April 16th the *Daily News* prosperously inaugurated a literary supplement. We congratulate our esteemed contemporary and the literary public generally on this new feature. The literary page is under the editorship of Mr. John MacDonald, a well-known member of the staff.

CHARLES LAMB'S SONNET.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I very much regret that I should have fallen into two such serious errors in my attempt to identify the "Sarah" of the Lamb sonnet printed by Mr. Covington. It was inexcusable, except on the ground of the confusion which a treacherous memory brings about as old age creeps on. Mr. Covington's mention of Admiral Burney recalls the fact that either Mrs. Payne or her husband had told me her true parentage, in answer to my enquiry as to her relationship to Madame D'Arblay. There is little doubt that this lady was the "Sarah" of the sonnet, though it is possible that it might have been addressed to her aunt "Sarah Harriet Burney," who, however, as Mr. Covington has pointed out to me, was fifty years of age when the sonnet was written.

But I must confess to a more serious error in my letter, viz., that Mrs. Payne had showed attention to Mary Lamb in Paris. This arose from the vile practice of jumping at conclusions, in which I rarely indulge, though I fell into the trap here.

Mr. Dykes Campbell has been so good as to point out to me that the Mr. Payne mentioned in Fitzgerald's 'Life, Letters, etc., of Lamb,' vol. 1, p. 114—"She found a warm friend in Mr. Payne"—was Mr. Howard Payne, who had no wife. My error arose from coupling this statement with the inscription in my 'Elia' of 1823, and jumping at the (wrong) conclusion that Mr. J. T. Payne was the person indicated.

Trusting you will be able to find room for this penitential

confession and explanation of my error,—I am, yours obediently,

F. S. ELLIS.

The Red House, Chelston, Torquay, April 8th, 1894.

MR. G. W. CHILDS.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—Your paragraph in the March issue about the death of G. W. Childs may leave a wrong impression on those not acquainted with the facts. It represents Anthony J. Drexel as holding "the controlling interest in the *Ledger*," as if G. W. Childs assumed, and was credited with, a position to which he was scarcely entitled.

One of the latest acts of Mr. Childs was the erection of a memorial to his friend—a tablet in the church where the Drexel family worshipped—the inscription on which describes him as "a patriotic and public-spirited citizen, a true philanthropist, a sincere and devoted Christian." The last article which Mr. Childs wrote was a touching tribute to the memory of his friend, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* on July 15th, 1893, and was reprinted in the *Ledger* Almanac for 1894. In this Mr. Childs said: "For forty years he was my friend and companion; for thirty years we daily took our midday meal together; for more than a quarter of a century he was my partner in the ownership of the *Public Ledger*."

Mr. Drexel was eminent as a banker and financier, but the actual management of the *Ledger* was wholly in the hands of Mr. Childs. As Mr. Childs had no family, it is only natural that a son of Mr. Drexel should now appear as the proprietor and one of the chief editors of the paper. The provisions for "buying out Mr. Childs" only implie san arrangement made for the disposal of this joint property of two of the noblest and most generous men in America.

JAMES MACAULAY.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MARCH 19 TO APRIL 21, 1894.

Business was fairly brisk at the commencement of the period in question, but immediately after Easter fell off considerably. It is now quiet, although not abnormally so, but the volume of business is hardly satisfactory, owing to the lowness of price of publications generally.

Trade with the colonies is good, South Africa being very good, while Japan and China are decidedly brisk. A considerable quantity of general literature has found its way to South America.

Novels! novels! novels! seems for the time being to be the insatiable cry of the public. Novels at 31s. 6d., novels at 6s., novels at 3s. 6d. and 2s., it matters not what the price is. If the workmanship is good and suits the palate of the reader, it is eagerly devoured. The Standard 2s. Railway Novel (known sometimes as the "yellowback") is beginning to move freely. Booksellers should remember that some very good selling literature is now procurable in this form, and should see that they keep a well-selected stock.

The enquiry for volumes of short stories, referred to in an earlier report, has abated somewhat. With the advent of warmer weather comes the "Tourist's Guide" season. Black, Murray, Baedeker, Baddeley, Stanford's 2s. guides are in good request, and there is also a good market for well-prepared local guides, nicely got up and tastefully illustrated. Concerning these, however, the country bookseller probably knows as much as one can tell him.

Nowadays the retailer should watch every taste and fancy of his customers, and keep pace with its pastimes and hobbies. With the introduction of the "dry plate" to photography came a wonderful force of amateurs, who have now an extensive literature bearing upon their attractive pastime. The total sales in this class of literature are large, but many of the publications appear to be little more than trade advertisements. However, this does not matter to the bookseller. Photography is now running at least a dozen weekly and monthly periodicals.

Cyclist literature, in the shape of Road Books and Maps, is going freely.

The increase of foreign competition in manufactures has called into existence a large number of technical handbooks. Almost every trade has its 'Practical Manual.' At the moment of writing the only crafts one can remember that are not represented are those of the butcher and basket-maker. Few trades are so heavily handicapped as the bookseller. What with discount and the draper, his existence is nigh unbearable. In addition to these troubles one cannot help noting that a considerable trade in books is carried on by opticians, seedsmen, dealers in angling and photographic appliances, and many others. This is rendered the more aggravating because that at these establishments the public pay the published price without a murmur.

The most noticeable feature of the magazine trade is the steady and marked success of the *Woman at Home*.

The publications for which there is most demand are again principally novels, as will be seen from the list appended:—

Sharps and Flats. By J. N. Maskelyne. 6s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Dodo. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Ships that pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Our Manifold Nature. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Life's Little Ironies. By T. Hardy. 6s.
Prisoner of Zenda. By A Hope. 3s. 6d.
To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Keynotes. By G. Egerton. 3s. 6d.
Esther Waters. By George Moore. 6s.
Gentleman of France (A). By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Vox Clamantium. By Various Writers. 12s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

Week ending

Mar. 24, 1894.—Opened well, then fell off, but recovered slightly towards the close. Colonial and foreign markets good.

Mar. 31, 1894.—Began moderately, then dropped quickly to quiet and so finished. Colonial and foreign markets unaltered, with Japan and South Africa better.

April 7, 1894.—Commenced quietly with a slight improvement for a day or two, but finished as it began. Colonies a little better, with considerable improvement from China.

April 14, 1894.—Trade better at first, but quickly dropped, then rallied, but finished low. Colonial and foreign markets unaltered.

April 21, 1894.—Opened better, but soon quieted and so remained. Colonial and foreign markets a little slacker.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

MR. Snowden has won a high reputation among those writers of the day who have set themselves to interpret, by an artistic medium, the life and character of some well-known and well-loved locality. Mr. Hardy, Mr. Barrie, Miss Barlow, the late Dr. Alexander, have done masterly work in this way, and Mr. Snowden has kinship with them.

His life among the West Riding dalesfolk ceased fourteen years ago, and he is now but thirty-four, so that his tales are shaped out of impressions he gathered in boyhood. Some of these, but rather such as lent themselves to burlesque than to sympathetic treatment, had been given to local readers in *The Yorkshireman*, a Bradford sheet, published weekly. Strictly, too, they were not impressions of the dalesfolk, but exaggerated pictures of a number of local magistrates, as those gentlemen appeared in the eyes of a youth who had been reared among the plain and kindly people who came before them, and whom, as often as not, they failed to understand. These slight sketches, of which there were six or seven, were called, "Magisterial Oddities," but their author has not set eyes on them since they appeared in print. They were the first writing he did outside journalistic hack-work.

His people lived in those early days, and still live, at Keighley. At Cragside, out among the bleak hills, eight miles away, his father's home, which he often visited in his company, he found a quiet-minded people, glad to have them in their houses, calling them by their Christian names as they called each other. In the evenings, when there would be a gathering of the older men about some open hearth, the lad listened to their talk. Mostly it was about men of the last generation, or about the early days of those who talked. They had been days of cruel privation and public squalor. Cragside was then a village of handloom weavers, and the Corn Laws were not yet repealed. Men lived defiantly: being without much hope in the world, they did wild things, and the wildest were best remembered. These talks by the kitchen firelight, grave, humorous, proceeding by allusions and significant silences and not revealing anything fully, peopled the lad's fancy with grotesque figures, sublime or pitiful.

The first attempt Mr. Snowden made at story-writing turned upon those pre-Repeal days. Five years ago, weary of Birmingham journalism, he set to work on a long story, 'John o' Jackie Lad;' which was finished after eight months of passionate labour, so beset with unforeseen entanglements, so eagerly pursued that there was not a day in which, fagging for the *Birmingham Daily Post*, or wrestling with his purpose, he worked much less than fourteen hours. After this discipline he was fortunate enough to sell the serial rights to the *Bradford Observer Budget*. Mr. Snowden now thinks that as a work of art it is unsatisfactory. Some day he means to reconstruct and rewrite it from beginning to end. One singularly interesting incident in Mr. Snowden's career is the devotion of his friend Mr. Wright, of Birmingham, an old journalist with a genius for mechanical invention, who had made for himself some ingenious printing machinery. Mr. Wright spent every moment of the leisure of five months, the author describing himself as an awkward helper, in setting 'Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds' in type. Mr. Snowden recommends this method of printing books to any man who is dull and likes a novelty. His book was described as "pearls set in brass," but he got a good deal of solid comfort out of the work. Recently the book has been reprinted by the Chiswick Press.

Mr. Snowden ought to have succeeded in his mechanical efforts if hereditary tendencies could have helped him; for on his mother's side of the family there were craftsmen and decorative artists. Perhaps those "forbears" have endowed him with better than mechanical skill. Something of insight and tact, too, he ought to owe to his father's father, who was the confessor of all Cragside when things began to mend with the people, and who won them over to piety and temperance. He ran a handloom weaving shed until about 1860; and, forasmuch as he died, not enriched by that enterprise or any other, the heritage he left to them, and to his sons and daughters, was the more imperishable. This grandfather is pictured under the name of Binnie Driver in 'Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds,' and Mr. Snowden hopes to show him more plainly in 'John o' Jackie Lad' in its new version.

THE READER.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH.

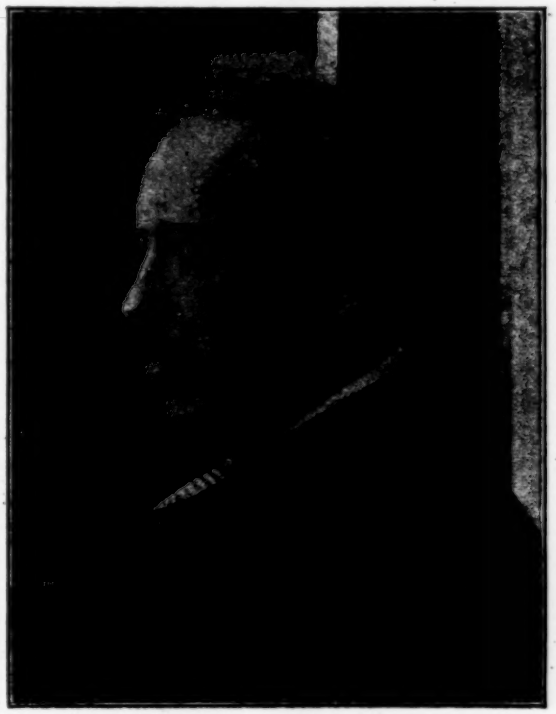
WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH was born in 1846, at Keig, in the Vale of Alford, Aberdeenshire. His father, the Rev. William Pirie Smith, was Free Kirk minister of the district; the Disruption was recent, and a farm-house was used as a manse. Dr. Pirie Smith, a man of great knowledge and a genius for teaching, directed his son's eager temperament without difficulty towards learning; a younger son, George, was his brother's companion in study and his equal in marvellous quickness of acquisition. Both went up to Aberdeen University from their home in 1861. Minto was in the same year, and there was hardly an exception to the rule that those three students took the first three places in every class. Unrelieved labour no doubt told heavily on many Aberdeen students of those days; the honour lists of the University read like an Army List in war-time. George Smith's weak health ultimately compelled him to fall a year behind; and he came home in 1866, with a degree of unique distinction, only to die. William broke down just before his honour examinations in 1865, but he was well enough to gain the Ferguson scholarship in mathematics later in the year. Like nearly all Aberdeen men of this time, he was deeply impressed both by the humane scholarship of Professor Geddes, and by the striking personality of Professor Bain, though he was naturally so constituted that he could never have fully accepted such a metaphysical system as Bain's, however ably expounded.

For the next three years he studied divinity and Semitic languages in Edinburgh at the Free Church New College at Bonn, and at Göttingen, where he could feel the loss scholarship sustained by the silencing of Ewald on political grounds. He kept up his mathematics and physics as well; and Professor Tait made him Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh for 1869-70. Here he had among

his pupils Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; he wrote his first papers on the "Flow of Electricity in Conducting Surfaces," on "Mill's Theory of Geometrical Reasoning," and on "Hegel and the Metaphysics of the Fluxional Calculus." The first is still said to be classical; the last began his earliest written controversy—with Dr. Hutchison Stirling—which lasted till 1873.

In 1870 his appointment to the chair of Hebrew in the Aberdeen Free Church College diverted him from science and the metaphysics of science to the paths that were to lead him through such trouble to such fame. His classes were of course not large; but he became a great teacher at once, making scholars where scholars could be made, and impressing all with the width and vigour that characterised everything he did. From the first he took the view of Biblical Criticism which determines his articles in the Encyclopædia. It was not essentially different from the views held by the men of mark among his own teachers in the subject, at home and abroad; but it was declared with a decision and boldness that were sure to bring down upon him then the censure of many members of his church.

He was an active member of the Old Testament Revision Committee; his friendship with Dr. William Wright was cemented by their association on the Committee, and had a good deal to do with his ultimate settlement in Cambridge. He was in Belfast at the time of Tyndall's presidential address to the British Association there, and wrote a strong criticism of its historical statements and its general tone on the relation of science and religion.



PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH.

No man living was more sure to be offered an important place among the contributors to the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; he wrote several of the most important articles almost from the beginning, although he did not become chief editor till after his removal from the Aberdeen chair. The articles "Angel" and "Bible" were published in 1875, and the question was soon raised whether the views there maintained were consistent with the "standards" of the Free Church. The struggle of the next few years made him the most famous man in Scotland. This is not the place to detail the course of the proceedings in Presbytery, Synod, Committee, and Assembly, the "libels" and "answers to libels" that filled the country with controversy. Smith's position was that he had in no way challenged the canonicity or inspiration of any part of the Bible, that his criticism would only lead to a clearer appreciation of the divine origin and purpose of the books under discussion. The question was made one more of theology than of criticism, and more of political expediency than of either. He was forbidden to teach for two winters, and finally removed from his chair in 1881, but no judgment was formally passed by the Church on his opinions. Twenty, or even ten years earlier, the articles could hardly have been written by any Presbyterian minister in Scotland; twenty, or even ten years later, they would hardly have aroused any storm. His views have been held and taught by professors in Free Church Colleges since he was silenced. The abler of the young ministers were almost entirely on his side, but the protests and the feeling among them against his removal led to no secession, and it does not seem that the Free Church has ceased to attract the thoughtful youth of its communion to its ministry by an act of which they disapproved. He took his dismissal, unjust and violent as the means by which it was secured may have seemed, loyally; and his loyalty did much to heal the wound. Throughout the controversy he displayed qualities that even his best friends and admirers hardly expected; his indomitable courage, whether in attack or in endurance, scarcely tried before, was the most conspicuous feature of the struggle; his readiness in debate, his brilliance in retort, his eloquence in set speech, now first became publicly known; and his capacity for affairs, his mastery of forms, and his range of practical resource extorted the admiration of all.

His defeat had many consolations. During his suspension, he travelled in Egypt and Arabia, came as near to Mecca as he was allowed to come, rode for a fortnight in the Libyan desert with Burton, spent evenings in Cairo with President Grant, spent a day on a Nile-boat with Gordon. His friends at home were drawn more closely to him. A gift of £1,000, subscribed by them, was expended in adding largely to his fine collection of books. He stood at the head of the poll for the Aberdeen School-board. His lectures on the Old Testament in the Jewish Church, delivered in 1881, on the invitation of six hundred prominent Free Churchmen in Edinburgh and Glasgow, were attended by crowds with deep interest, and had a great success when published. He now became editor-in-chief of the Encyclopædia, writing many important articles himself (and how many more he could have written!), and controlling the whole work, supported by able assistants, with wonderful vigour and judgment, till the end. No one who heard the eloquent speech of Mr. Adam Black at the Encyclopædia dinner in Christ's College Hall will forget the tribute he paid to the extraordinary combination of qualities that had made such an editor.

After the romantic and mysterious death of Professor

Palmer in the Sinai desert, Smith was appointed in 1883 Lord Almoner's Reader of Arabic at Cambridge by Lord Alwyne Compton, then Dean of Worcester, now Bishop of Ely. He was a member of Trinity College till he was elected fellow of Christ's in 1885. He succeeded Mr. Henry Bradshaw as University Librarian in 1886, and Dr. Wright as Professor of Arabic in 1889. He was active and influential in University affairs, taking on the whole the part of the University against the colleges, whose place in the system of an English University is hard for one not educated in one of them to appreciate fully; invaluable on the Press Syndicate; keenly supporting any scheme for the furtherance of research, or the acquisition of new treasures o the libraries or museums; opposing a scheme to make Greek optional, and suspicious of a tendency to make the education of the average man too special. He indulged his intense love of travel by taking vacation tours in France with Mr. Bradshaw, in Italy, Spain, and North Africa with various other friends.

His 'Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia' appeared in 1885, following with great learning and acuteness the path marked out by his friend McLennan, for whose qualities of mind and character he had the deepest respect. His Burnett lectures in Aberdeen on the primitive religions of the Semitic peoples were never completed; two series were delivered; the first appeared as a book in 1889, and is probably the most able and important of his works.

He was LL.D. of several Scotch universities, and Litt.D. of Dublin; and Strassburg gave him the degree of D.D. in terms of high compliment that could not fail to be gratifying.

Symptoms of the wasting constitutional disease that has proved fatal to him had been noticed for years, but he seemed to keep them at bay or throw them off without very serious loss of strength, till the autumn of 1892. He was then president of the Semitic section in the London Congress of Orientalists. The end of the Congress left him ill; and from that time his life was a struggle against weakness and pain, borne with the greatest fortitude. His vivacity and his interest in all his old pursuits failed but little till very near his death, and his long illness was soothed by the affectionate attentions of many friends, and by the willing devotion of members of his college.

His published works, high and varied as their importance is, give but a faint idea of the extraordinary man who wrote them. It was often said of him that he knew more than any other man alive. Music alone seemed to have no interest for him, except a scientific one. But of all the other arts, of all sciences, of all histories, literatures, and philosophies, his knowledge was amazing; no one knew the limits of it; and his readiness in the command of it seemed almost superhuman. For hours, for a long day even, he could talk without weariness or dulness on subject after subject to his company's heart's content, and never be commonplace, never fail to stimulate and instruct. His wealth of ideas was almost as marvellous as his wealth of knowledge; his mind was far too restless to stay content even with the enormous collection of facts and of other men's opinions that he had at such command.

His stores were most freely opened: he could keep the mere interviewer or picker of brains at full arm's length, but to those that were at all worthy of it, especially to his pupils in Oriental studies, his helpfulness was ever ready and abundant.

He was careless, many would hold too careless, of all that was mere manner, both in himself and in others; on the other hand, in many things that to ordinary minds appeared almost indifferent, his quickness and subtlety would make him strongly approve one course and still more strongly condemn another. He could not be expected to have any sympathy for ordinary dulness or indolence; and he was as severe on all self-seeking as he was free from it himself. He had endured in Scotland what can fairly be described as persecution; but, though he would maintain that Scotland was a less truly religious country than England, there was no bitterness in him against his old opponents.

No man had a greater reverence for all that deserved reverence in the past. Vehement and sometimes paradoxical as his expression of opinions might be, his position on all important subjects of thought was essentially a moderate one; and men of extreme views were often surprised and disappointed when they had reckoned on him for agreement and support.

It is idle to speculate on what he might have done, if his career had been longer and less hampered; but there is no lack of achievement in his life to secure his fame. In the eyes of all he was a man of extraordinary talent and extraordinary acquirements; and those who had the good fortune to know him well will think of him, as long as they live, as of one whose sincerity, courage, and unselfishness reached a height that may well be called heroic.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.—FROM HER BIRTH TO HER CORONATION.

NEARLY seventy years ago Henry Glassford Bell, in laying his 'Life' of this beautiful and unfortunate queen before the public, deemed it expedient to begin his preface with the sentence: "A new work on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots runs an eminent risk of being considered a work of supererogation." Since he wrote, the number of books on Mary Stuart has been greatly increased, and the interest in her has certainly not diminished. So great is this interest, that there is less need now than then to apologise for dealing afresh with such a subject. In the very quantity, indeed, of the literature already devoted to the stirring story of this fascinating queen, the best excuse may perhaps be found for such a series of papers as the present; for few people can find time to wade through, fewer still can find time to master, a tithe of the books which have been called forth by her eventful life and tragic death.

As the contentions concerning Mary began almost with her birth, so there were differences of opinion as to the exact date of that event—differences which existed for three centuries, and even yet are perhaps not quite extinct. In the State Papers the coming event cast its shadow before. Rumours there were that "the Skottishe Quene" had borne a son on the 30th of November, 1542, and that this had been proclaimed at Jedburgh on the 2nd of December. Later despatches were more uncertain—there were "sundre tales" on the matter. Some said it was a son, some said a daughter. The message passed that the child was dead, then that it was "vary wayke," and again that it was "alyve and good liking." According to Knox and the 'Diurnal of Occurents,' according to Mary herself, this first date in her history was the 8th of December. Bishop Lesley and

others place it a day earlier. Petit, in his 'History of Mary Stuart,' deliberately puts aside "the usual opinion in order to adopt that of Miss Strickland," who, he says, "has proved beyond a doubt that Mary can have been born only on the 11th or 12th December." But in the same year that Professor Petit's work was published (1873), Miss Strickland issued a revised edition of her 'Life,' in which she gives, without comment, the 8th as the true date. As it is the Festival of the Conception of the Virgin Mary, it is surprising that a Churchman like Lesley should in such a case have erred by even one day.

Only four and a half years had elapsed since Mary of Guise had landed at Fifeness, and been married to James the Fifth in the Cathedral of St. Andrews. Their two sons had both died. The King, despondent and heart-broken over the rout of Solway Moss, had retired to Falkland, where the tidings of his daughter's birth reached him. So far from being uplifted by the news, his thoughts reverted to Marjory Bruce, through whom the throne had come to the Stuarts, and, according to Knox, exclaimed: "The devil go with it! It will end as it began; it came from a woman, and it will end in a woman." Or, as Pitscottie has it: "It came with a lass, and it will pass with a lass." Mary was born on a Friday, and by next Friday she was fatherless. For his death various dates have been also assigned—the 10th, 13th, 14th, 16th, and 20th of December. Sir George Douglas' letter, however, of the 17th, to Lord Lisle, fixes it as having taken place on Thursday, "at xii. of the cloke at nyght." Lisle stopped active proceedings against the Scots on hearing of James' death, deeming it against Henry's honour to make war "upon a dedd bodye, or uppon a wydowe, or on a yonge sucling," especially at the time of the king's funeral; yet, on the 30th of December he explains to Henry that the weather hath been such "at the full of this moone," the snow, that is fallen and yet doth lie, hath so stopped all passages and knowledge of ways, that little or nothing can be done to the annoyance of the enemies. This incidental reference shows that Mary was born not only in stormy political times, but that tempestuous weather followed, if it did not accompany, her birth. Next month the frost was so intense that it was impossible to release the ships from the ice in the haven of Newcastle.

Father Stevenson, in his 'Mary Stuart,' in referring to Solway Moss and the death of the king, adds the foot-note:—"Knox admits (i. 81), that of the council which met at Holyrood in November, 'some were heretics, some favourers of England, some friends of the Douglases, and so could there be none faithful to the King.' Like his daughter Mary, James was surrounded by traitors, and had not a single trustworthy adviser." This is an excellent specimen of the way in which historical statements may be, and occasionally are, perverted. The spelling of Knox's words is modernised, but otherwise the quotation is correct enough: yet it is made to misrepresent the reformer's meaning. He was relating the story of the roll of heretics given up to the King by the leaders of the Church for punishment; and, in the words quoted by Father Stevenson, he describes not the council but the intended victims whose names were in the scroll! The learned Jesuit disarms suspicion by giving volume and page of Knox's 'History,' and also by suppressing the three words with which Knox finishes his sentence. But perhaps the misrepresentation of Knox's meaning is not the most wonderful thing in Father Stevenson's foot-note. Cardinal Beaton was no heretic, no favourer of England, no friend of the Douglases, yet even in him it seems the King had not a trustworthy adviser! Has Beaton ever received a deadlier thrust in the house of his friends?

Trying and troublous times had been experienced in previous minorities; and with the designing, impetuous and unscrupulous Henry the Eighth on the English throne, the prospect for Scotland was by no means bright. The machinery of the state however was kept in motion. A letter which Henry had sent to James was answered by "The Counsall of Scotland" on the 21st of December, with the explanation "that oure Soverane and Maister wes departit of this present liffe, or [*i.e.*, ere] the presenting of your Hienes writtingis." If Lisle's information was correct, proclamation had been made on the 19th that all should obey the Cardinal and the Earls of Arran, Argyll, Huntly and Moray, as the only governors of the realm under the princess during her non-age; but in Henry Balfour's notarial instrument of the 14th December, Arran is not named as one of the Governors. The Beaton arrangement, however, was soon set aside. Bishop Lesley places the proclamation of the pliant Arran as Governor on the 22nd of December; and the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' places it on the 10th of January. Keith, Tytler and Labanoff follow Lesley in the date. Stevenson prefers the 'Diurnal.' But the 'Hamilton Papers' show that both Lesley and the 'Diurnal' are wrong. Writing within two days of the event, Lisle says that he had just heard from Edinburgh that Arran had been proclaimed Governor on Wednesday, the third of January. Arran himself wrote as Governor to Lisle on the fourth, and to Henry on the 6th, of that month. Labanoff not only gives the 22nd of December as the date of Arran's appointment; he attributes it to an Act of Parliament. But it was not until the 13th of March that Parliament confirmed his appointment, declaring him the second person of the realm, and nearest to the crown failing "our Sovirane Lady" and her lawful issue and therefore tutor lawful "to the Quenis grace and Governour of this realme."

The scheming for the governorship had begun before the King was actually dead, and plans were being laid for the marriage of the infant Queen before she was many days old. So early as the 24th of December, Lisle wrote to Henry that some of the best sort of gentlemen of the Scotch borders wished that he had their princess for his prince; and, on the 1st of January, he wrote to the English Council that there was a rumour that the Cardinal wished Arran's son to have the Princess; "and," he adds, "many other devices the people have of her marriage." Henry at once saw the desirability of marrying her to his son, and determined to get her and the principal fortresses of Scotland into his hands. To carry out his plans, the Solway prisoners and the Douglases were sent back to Scotland. Sir Ralph Sadleyr was afterwards sent with the same object. He arrived in Edinburgh on the 18th of March, to find that the Parliament, after sitting a week, had been prorogued on the previous day. The English instructions to Sadleyr are printed, for the first time, in the 'Hamilton Papers'—the editor characterising them as a revelation of

"the unprincipled designs of Henry," which "fully justify the temporising policy of Arran." While in session Parliament had considered the proposed marriage between Mary and Edward. The instructions, then drawn up for the Scotch ambassadors, jealously guard the continued independence of Scotland. They also provide for Mary's safety. She was to be kept in Scotland until she was marriageable; kept and nourished principally by her mother and four lords of the realm least suspected and chosen thereto.* For the more sure keeping of her person, one or two honourable English knights, with as many ladies of honour, and their servants, might remain with her at Henry's expense. If her mother died or left the kingdom, some of the most noble and virtuous ladies of Scotland were to be chosen to abide with her; and if Edward died before her, without leaving lawful heirs by her, she was to be delivered again to Scotland free, unmarried to any other. In Mr. Froude's opinion the instructions were "preposterous resolutions." His summary of them is inaccurate in two points—the giving of hostages and the descent of the administration in the Arran family.

In Sadleyr's interview with the Queen Dowager on the 22nd of March she professed to be anxious for the English marriage, and that her daughter should be forthwith delivered to Henry. She also exhibited the little Queen to him, causing the nurse "to unwrap her out of her clowtes," that, as Miss Strickland says, "he might see her in her native loveliness." Other two ambassadors, Glencairn and Sir George Douglas, were sent to England early in May. Douglas soon returned with a memorial of the English desires, requiring her delivery to Henry or Edward at the age of eight or ten at the furthest; and her marriage by twelve at the latest. Early in June the Scotch instructions were somewhat modified. Hostages were to be given, and Mary was to be delivered at ten, provided the marriage was made by procurators before she left Scotland. The double treaty of peace and marriage was formally concluded between the Scotch ambassadors and the English commissioners at Greenwich on the 1st of July, and ratified at Holyrood on the 25th of August by the Governor in the name of the Queen and Three Estates.

On the 25th of July representatives of the English and French parties had amicably met and arranged that the Queen should be taken care of by four of the Lords formerly named by Parliament, namely, Montrose, Erskine, Livingston, and Lindsay. Next day, says Sadleyr, "the olde Quene and the yong Quene, by common assent of all parties," were removed to Stirling, "in the keping of the iiij barons appoynted, for bicause the house of Lythcoo is so lyttell that they cannott all be well placed and lodged in the same." On that day proclamation was made at Edinburgh of the treaty of peace with England—a peace which was to be too soon and rudely broken.

It was at Stirling that Mary was crowned. Lesley declares, on one page of his "Historie," that her coronation was deferred until the month of August, and on a subsequent page that it was in September. Sir James Balfour perpetuates this inconsistency. From the letters of Sadleyr and Parr it is certain that the true date is the 9th of September, 1543—an ominous day, the thirtieth anniversary of Flodden! Sadleyr says she was crowned "with suche solempnitie as they doo use in this countrey, which is not verie costelie." Parr, who obtained his information from a Scotch spy just returned from Stirling, says that it took place in the chapel of the Castle, about ten o'clock, Arran bearing the crown, Lennox the sceptre, and Argyll the sword.

D. Hay Fleming.

*The Lords chosen were the Earls Marischal and Montrose, Lords Erskine, Ruthven, Livingston, Lindsay, and Seton, and the Laird of Calder; "or ony twa of thaim quarterlie, and ane to be put and marrowit to thaim be my Lord Governour at his plesour." As she was "sa tender of aige," it was thought expedient that she should remain in the palace of Linlithgow, where she had been born, or in the castle of Stirling, at her mother's pleasure, with the advice of the Governor and Council.

IN THE D'URBERVILLE COUNTRY.

IN the valley of the Frome, between Casterbridge and Anglebury, stands the little village of Welle, to give it the name it bears in old records, and the one which Mr. Hardy has, in Wellbridge, revived. It is within a stone's throw of the railway, but Wessex townships and villages are not wont to flatter railways into thinking themselves things of much account or influence. The train, however, lands a good many holiday-makers here, for close by are the fish-ponds, the elms, and the abundant flowers that surround and spread about the old Cistercian Abbey of Bindon. And there is no nearer point of railway contact with the blue cove of Lullstead, round which a seaside resort is making leisurely struggles into existence—a spot, by-the-bye, which the romantic mind will associate, doubtfully, with the neighbourhood of Arthur's last battle, and not at all doubtfully, with the scene of the fascinating Mrs. Lizzie Newberry's conspiracies to defraud the king of his dues. Welle, however, knows of no other title to fame than the Abbey. The record book of its inn contains no reference to Angel or to Tess. But "the old manor house of Caroline date," outside the village boundaries, across the railway, over the shining waters of the Var, points itself out inevitably. Amid the water meadows, which on an April day wear a verdure and a radiance of triumphant youth, rises the old house, a gray shadow of its former self, but with a conscious look of dignity still. It is hoary of colour, and the fruit blossoms clinging to its gables are like spare grey hairs round an old faded cheek. To reach it you cross the bridge, which, from its situation, shape, and span, only the caprice of fate has defrauded of as picturesque a fame as Gretz. Among the farm buildings of modern date there is one of distinctive, but singularly unpretentious character, built of grey stone, though mended with patches of brick, and with a little eyelet rose-shaped window to the east. It is, you are told, the remains of a Saxon chapel of the tenth century, and you listen with that sceptical gravity which denotes a determination to refer to Hutchins and Warne when opportunity occurs. With the fresh green, and the gay, sparkling water in your eyes, you have to cross the threshold of the old house before you understand the power this lingering, withering pile of stones could have to chill the heart of Tess. Mounting the stairway, over the door of her chamber, and opposite it, you will find when you grow used to the darkness, built into the wall, the portraits of the two Turbervile women whose far away evil likeness to his bride struck terror into Angel's soul. And, indeed, apart from any preconceived

impression, they are such as to "haunt the beholder afterwards in his dreams." You make for the outer air again and the stream, "clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist," with relief. You can trace, if you will, the path by which Angel walked in his sleep with Clare, the footbridge near the mill, reach the old burial ground in Bindon Abbey, and close to the stone bearing the almost defaced name of Richard the Abbot, find the empty coffin without a lid where Tess was laid in the last fair moments that life ever offered her. The old grave-yard, carpeted now with celandine and primroses and cuckoo flowers, and where the blackbirds' song drowns the cawing of the rooks, by day at least, will seem a happier resting-place than any inside the Wellbridge walls haunted by the presences and the old passions of the ladies Julia and Frances.

WELLBRIDGE HOUSE.

But Wellbridge, so far as Tess's family history is concerned, is but a modern place. A younger branch of her people gained possession of it in Elizabeth's time, and the present house dates probably from the lordship of Sir John Turbervile, who was Sheriff of Dorset in 1652. You have to go further afield to find the old home, away from the Frome Valley, to the little market-town of Kingsbere, "where," as old Coker says in his Survey, "for a verie long time the famous and remarkable Familie *de Turbida Villa*, vulgarlie Turbervile, had their chiefe Habitation; whence issued knights of especiall note."

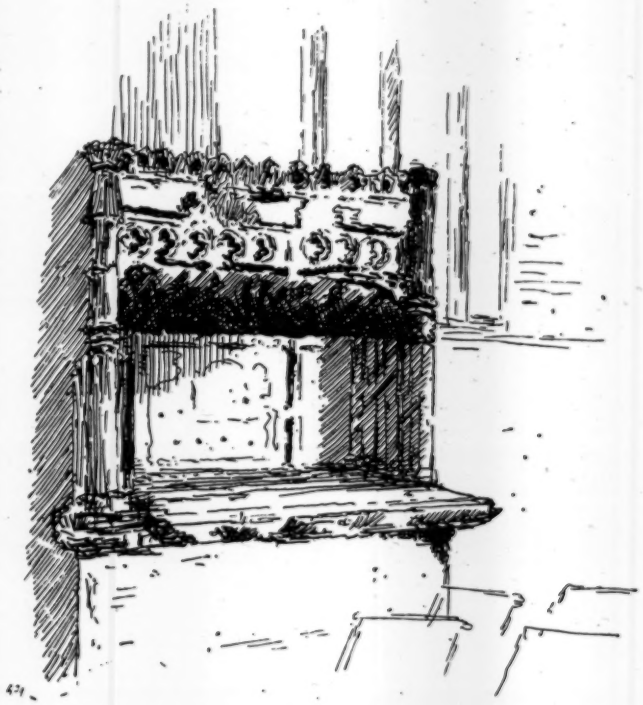
The six mile walk thither passes due north across a wild tract of dark heath land, dotted with barrows, lit up only by an occasional gleam of gorse, and a sparse fringe of blackthorn, a long-resisting and untameable land that sets the uncivilised man within you singing. A sleepy, straggling town is Kingsbere. Perhaps it only opens both its eyes at Greenhill Fair time. The Fair begins on the nativity of the Virgin, September 18th, and has done so ever since Henry III.'s days at least. The old manor was a royal demesne in Saxon times; it has traditions of the mother-in-law of King Edward the Martyr; King John lived here, and so did Simon de Montfort. Passing into the hands of the Turberviles, descendants of Sir Pagan, whose name appears in Battle Abbey roll, their history was interwoven with it for some five centuries. The pride of Kingsbere—the conscious pride—is the old parish church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Eighteen years ago it was restored with intelligence and munificence from designs by the late Mr. G. E. Street. Representing most styles of the 12th to the 15th centuries it forms yet a dignified and harmonious whole, full of interest to the antiquarian. Even those without an eye for architectural features will carry away a remembrance of the painted roof, the gift of Bere's loyal son, Cardinal Morton, with its full-length figures on the termination of the hammer beams, which the uninitiated will likely take for criminals, and then docilely accept as "saints in monastic attire." But architectural and historical interest gives way before romance. Outside you will possibly have guessed the spot where the waggon of the homeless Durbeyfields drew up, have marked where the tester of the family bedstead was "topped by the traceried window of many lights," when Joan Durbeyfield's quiet practical philosophy came to the rescue of her household with, "Isn't your family vault your own freehold?" On the window from the inside you will see the names and blazons of King John, of the Earl of Leicester, of Edmund of Lancaster, and of many Turberviles, their arms Ermine, a lion rampant, crowned gules, crest, a castle argent ("a ramping lion and a castle

over him," is Tess's version of it, learnt from the old spoon that stirred the Durbeyfield pea-soup). The Turbervile vault you walk over in the south aisle, and theirs are the carved tombs "canopied, altar-shaped and plain, their carvings being defaced and broken; their brasses torn from the matrices, the rivet holes remaining like martin holes in a sand cliff." The spotless neatness, the shining preservation of the old church strike you as you clatter over the tiled floor, but these tombs with their mouldering consequence tell only of decay, and all the south aisle echoes Ichabod. Perhaps it was in that corner tomb that the sham D'Urberville lay in hiding when the fifth act of Tess's tragedy was beginning.

From the churchyard outside you look up on the left to the slopes of Greenhill, but keeping Bathsheba's and Sergeant Troy's company for to-morrow, you will feel for the moment drawn towards the little stream, and the meadows on its level, and the green foundations of the old Turbervile mansion. In Hutchins there is a picture of the house, which has now altogether disappeared, unless the west gable of the farm is built of the old stones. Bere folks call this farm The Court, and explain that Queen Anne lived or visited there, which might be set down as more wildly inaccurate than local traditions commonly are; but I prefer to say, after the manner of Coker, "Whether it be true or not I knowe not, and therefore will leave it indifferent." If Anne didn't, a more interesting and less reputable monarch did, King John, who exercised hospitality there and commanded the Sheriff of Dorset that he "cause to be made a kitchen (*una coquina*) for our service at Bere."

WELLBRIDGE HOUSE. THE DOORWAY.

Wanderings about Wessex would seem to lead to very irrelevant chronicling and to much strange mixture of history and romance. It is inevitable. The history is written in the face of the country and in old folios, but walk where you will and dig as you will, Mr. Hardy has been there before you, has peopled the countryside, and translated the



IN THE TURBERVILE AISLE.

old dead pages into life. His is the truth, and wanderings and perusings only serve to prove it. The most distinctive feature of his art lies here, that he has shaped the things before him, read what has lain to his hand, accepted actual conditions, and imagination and beauty have been with him all the time, and have never cried for release. G-Y.

EARLY EDITIONS.*

A BOOK of this character has long been needed. During the last quarter of a century the collection of the first (and, in some few instances, other special) editions of modern authors has advanced considerably, and books which twenty or thirty years ago were reckoned as of little account are now among the most eagerly sought after of the book-hunter's treasures. Many of the greatest of those nineteenth century authors, whose works now rank as classics, lived and wrote in days before the modern "first edition man" had been developed; and their books, not having been prized and preserved at the time of issue, are now frequently unobtainable, and, as a natural consequence, are but little known. Byron and Shelley, Lamb and Landor, Coleridge and Wordsworth, for example, thought and wrote at a time when the modern magazine was non-existant; and compositions which now find a fitting path to publicity through the medium of the periodical press were formerly printed separately, and circulated in the shape of tract or pamphlet.

A guide to such ephemera would be of the utmost value to dealer and collector alike, especially if, in addition to an estimate of pecuniary value, the author were to give complete collations of the various pieces as he passed them under review. Every bookseller and every book collector is perfectly conversant with the "points" and essential particulars of the more important works of the authors whose writings are now in demand, and as these recur for sale with tolerable frequency the prices they realise are fairly

* 'Early Editions: A Bibliographical Survey of the Works of some Popular Modern Authors.' By J. H. Slater. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ld., 1894.

well known. But with the minor publications of the same authors the case is different. They occur so seldom that none but the specialist is acquainted with them, and to the ordinary individual they are little more than names. It is here that Mr. Slater has chiefly failed. Of the authors with whose works he deals he has given lists of books with which "all the world" is well acquainted, whilst the smaller and more uncommon items are omitted altogether.

Upon examining Mr. Slater's lists we are first attracted by the name of Matthew Arnold, and upon looking into the pages devoted to this author, find that to 'Alaric at Rome' no value is attached, whilst it is calmly stated that "a second copy has turned up!" There are *four* copies of 'Alaric' known to collectors; one of these (unbound and without wrappers) was sold two years ago for £20, the suburban bookseller into whose hands it fell having in the first instance demanded £60 for it! The probable value of a clean uncut copy would be about £25 or £30. Mr. Slater states that 'Alaric' was issued without covers: it was published in pink paper wrappers, as Mr. Smart has duly recorded. Only two other books by Matthew Arnold can be accounted rarities, as 'Empedocles on Etna' and 'The Strayed Reveller' may be obtained readily enough, although their value is several guineas. These are 'St. Brandan' and 'Geist's Grave.' As both are included in Mr. Smart's admirable 'Bibliography of Arnold,' there is no reason why they should have been omitted here, as Mr. Slater admittedly had access to Mr. Smart's work. 'England and the Italian Question,' 1859, is also not mentioned, although not only is it very uncommon, but its literary interest is great. It was Matthew Arnold's first prose publication. The second edition of 'Cromwell' was published in 1863, and not in "the same year as the first" [*i.e.*, 1843] as stated by Mr. Slater. Turning to the Brownings, we find that to 'The Battle of Marathon' no valuation is affixed: the last copy sold, a "cut" one, realised £50. 'Pauline' is "expected to bring £40 or £50," it would bring close upon £100. Mr. Slater states that "no genuine copy of 'Pauline' has been sold by auction *within recent years*;" no copy, genuine or spurious, has *ever been sold by auction at all*. 'Gold Hair' is stated to be "selling for about £5." 'Gold Hair' is a privately printed pamphlet of the greatest rarity, and the sale of no copy has ever been recorded by Browning specialists. There would be no difficulty in finding buyers for half a dozen copies at *twice* the £5 at which it is here reported to be "selling."

In the Byron section the plan Mr. Slater has adopted is to treat separately eleven of Byron's works, and to print a list (short title and date only) of twenty-four others, this list being preceded by the following remarkable statement:—"I give below twenty-four *which are met with almost every day* (!), and are therefore of minor importance. . . . . They are, generally speaking, easy to meet with, and need not cost much to acquire. They are, in fact, what the collector calls 'common books,' to be picked up as a rule for a few shillings each, in the intervals of leisure snatched from the graver work of tracking down rarities." Now this list of twenty-four books contains six of considerable rarity, and four others which are very far from being "common." 'The Deformed Transformed,' 'The Island,' 'The Age of Bronze,' 'Beppo,' 'The Lament of Tasso,' and 'Farewell to England' are all worth three or four guineas each if uncut in the wrappers, and five pounds would not be considered excessive for particularly fine examples. As to being "met with almost every day," my experience is that copies of each of the above six books turn up, in wrappers, about once in two years—perhaps even less frequently. The 'Ode to Napoleon,' by no means an easy pamphlet to find, is not mentioned by Mr. Slater at all.

And now for the four books which, by reason of their excessive rarity, stand to the front in Byron bibliography. (1) 'Fugitive Pieces,' Newark, 1806. "This work," says Mr. Slater, "cannot be valued." It *can* be valued, and a short time since when a copy occurred for private sale it *was* valued by competent individuals, and was sold for £75. (2) 'Poems on Various Occasions,' Newark, 1807, is correctly recorded as selling for £68, although the last copy in original boards commanded £100; but this bore traces of having been in the possession of the poet's sister, and therefore commanded an exceptional price. (3) 'The Curse of Minerva' is stated to be "a thin quarto in boards." The book was not issued in boards; it is a "stabbed" pamphlet, without covers of any kind. Of (4) 'The Waltz; an Apostrophic Hymn,' we are told "this extraordinarily scarce pamphlet was published in quarto with a wrapper. So far as I remember, it contains title and about 8pp. of text. I have never seen a copy in the wrapper, but one sold by auction for £86. An example without the wrapper would bring about £50." The facts are; the book was *not* published with a wrapper, but as a "stabbed" pamphlet, without cover; it contains twenty-seven pages of text, not eight; the copy "sold by auction for £86" was put up in a modern cover; the only specimen besides my own known in original state changed hands privately last year at £75.

In treating of George Eliot similar errors abound. 'Agatha,' 1869, is spoken of as "a very scarce work, rarely met with in any condition, *and more rarely still in original paper covers*. Under such circumstances a copy would be worth some £10 or £12 at least, and possibly more. 'Agatha' was issued stitched, and *without wrappers*, and is worth as nearly as possible £5. 'Brother and Sister,' 1869, is valued at £3 3s., "original wrappers, *auction*." This book is scarcer than 'Agatha,' and worth at least as much; *no copy in wrappers has ever been seen in the auction room.*

To attempt to revise the chapter on William Morris within the limits of a short review would be a hopeless task. Suffice it to say that 'Sir Galahad,' 1858, and 'Hapless Love' (privately printed in 1876), the two most difficult of Mr. Morris's books to procure, are overlooked entirely. This is particularly unfortunate, since of the three lengthy poems contained in 'Hapless Love' not one has been included in any of its author's published volumes. The same remark applies to the chapter dealing with John Ruskin, and it is sufficient to cite the three following books as not being mentioned by Mr. Slater at all:—'The Scythian Guest,' 1849, a washed copy, not in original wrappers, was sold for £42 in 1892; 'War,' 1866, the last copy that occurred for sale brought £15; 'The Queen's Gardens,' 1864, only some two, or perhaps three, examples are known; a good copy ought certainly to be valued at ten or a dozen guineas.

Of two of the books of D. G. Rossetti, again, no mention is made. They are 'Verses,' privately printed in 1881 (not included in Rossetti's collected works), and 'Sister Helen,' privately printed at Oxford in 1857. This latter is one of the rarest items in modern poetical literature, and a clean copy would be worth at least £15 of anybody's money. 'Sister Helen,' too, has interest other than that afforded by its mere rarity, as the poem was very considerably revised when its author afterwards prepared it for publication.

The chapters devoted to Shelley and Swinburne are by far the most accurate in the book, although even here there is room for a considerable amount of revision. In treating of Shelley, the following books are not mentioned at all (1) 'Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists,' Dublin, 1812; and (2) 'A Letter to Lord Ellenborough,' Barnstaple, 1812. The whole of the statements regarding 'Laon and Cythna' and 'The Revolt of Islam' are inaccurate, although Mr. Slater had Mr. Buxton Forman's 'Shelley Library,' ready at his hand. For instance, we read: "The explanation of this duplicate issue probably is, that a large remainder of 'Laon and Cythna' remained on Sherwood's hands, and that Shelley altered the title, and put the work in the hands of a new publisher"! Surely all the world, save Mr. Slater, is aware that 'Laon and Cythna' was never published at all. After the whole of the sheets had been printed off, and some of the copies even bound, it came to the knowledge of the publisher (Mr. Chas. Ollier) that the author had made his hero and heroine brother and sister, and he promptly refused to proceed with the publication of the work until such alterations were made as should do away with this tie of blood. Accordingly the title-page and twenty-six pages of the text were cancelled, and replaced with others in which the "little sister" became "an orphan." The book was *not* "put in the hands of a new publisher"; the names of Messrs. C. and J. Ollier duly appear upon the title-page of each issue. May I also ask how the 'Revolt of Islam' of 1817 can be "a comparatively common book," as described by Mr. Slater,

when only some four or five copies are known to exist?

Passing to Swinburne, the 'Notes on Poems and Reviews,' 1866, first demands notice. This pamphlet was issued stitched, without cover, and not in paper wrappers as stated. There is a second issue of the same date, with nothing upon its title-page to distinguish it from the first edition. It may, however, be easily recognised by the imprint; which reads: "London: / Savill, Edwards and Co., Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden," that of the first edition reading: "London: / Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden." There are in addition many minor mechanical variations throughout. The reason for the absence of any notification that the pamphlet is a *second edition* is readily accounted for. Hotten printed the first edition (consisting, it is believed, of 500 copies), and duly paid the author his royality upon them. Finding the demand for the booklet continue, he promptly reprinted it; and, in order to obviate the necessity of paying the additional royalty, suppressed the fact that he had published a second edition. The number so reprinted must have been very large, as up to last year (1893) the pamphlet was still procurable at the published price of one shilling from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, successors to John Camden Hotten. The *brochure* is consequently of no pecuniary value whatever, whilst examples of the genuine first issue are of very much greater scarcity than is generally supposed, most of the copies sold as "first editions" being in reality specimens of the spurious second issue. The "masterly pirated reprint" of 'Siena,' described on p. 294, is a creation of the author's fancy, these "forged copies" being none other than examples of the first published edition of the pamphlet, Hotten, 1868. There is little doubt, however, that they have frequently been accepted as specimens of the earlier privately printed issue of the poem.

To the chapter dealing with Tennyson only the briefest notice can be made. 'Poems,' 1833, is stated to be "not so scarce as the last named ('Poems, chiefly lyrical,' 1830)"; it is far scarcer, and worth at least three times as much. To 'Idylls of the Hearth' no value is attached. It has been sold by auction for as much as 25 guineas. Of 'Enid and Nimuë' it is incorrectly stated that only one copy is known to be extant, doubtless because the example preserved in the British Museum is the only one known to Mr. Slater. 'The Lover's Tale,' 1833, is "expected to realise the best part of £100." I should estimate its present value at £40. But by far the most remarkable statement in the whole work is the following, which is attached to the entry of Tennyson's 'Helen's Tower': "So far as I am aware, no copy of 'Helen's Tower' has been sold at auction *within the last five or six years*. The value of a perfect copy would probably amount to £25 or £30"! 'Helen's Tower' is not an *editio princeps* at all, it is a comparatively worthless piece of *Tennysoniana*, and I have more than once seen it sold for a few shillings. It has *never* been offered as a separate lot in the auction room. Why, also, is no mention made of 'Lucretius,' 1868; a little known but highly important first edition of the late Laureate?

Mr. Slater has attempted to do that which was impossible. No man can accurately and critically discourse upon a subject with which he is not perfectly familiar. Values in the book market are subject to niceties as fine, and to a large extent as indescribable, as those in any other branch of commerce. To appreciate such niceties, and to acquire the ability to estimate the worth of any article, requires a close and continued connection with it, and it is no more possible for a man to fix with any degree of accuracy the values of early editions unless he be a buyer or a seller, than it is for him to apprise the worth of parcels of goods in the produce market, or of shares upon the Stock Exchange.

Special bibliographies are few, and a work such as this, brought to completion by the addition of the books of other authors, and carried out accurately, would be sure of a welcome in the little book-collecting world. But no one man could produce it satisfactorily; it needs the co-operation of two or more specialists in different branches of bibliography, whose labours should be superintended by one competent hand. Careful *collations*, which are permanent, rather than lists of *values*, which necessarily fluctuate, should also be the object primarily aimed at. Let this idea commend itself to the editor of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Slater will be worthy of all gratitude for having led the way.

T. J. WISE.

NEW BOOKS.

WITNESSES TO THE UNSEEN, AND OTHER ESSAYS.*

This book is very little more than a reprint, with slight alterations and with an interesting introduction, of articles which have already appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *National Review*, and two of which, "The Clothes of Religion" and "The Wish to Believe," have also appeared as separate publications. Yet on the whole and with the exceptions to be noted presently, it seems well that they should have been re-issued, for they deal with two subjects, the first the real estimate of Cardinal Newman's work and character, the second the conditions under which faith in Christianity can survive in the present day, both of which are of primary interest, and are indeed so nearly allied that the first might be treated only as an illustration of the second. Of the first no criticism is needed; Mr. Ward's estimate of Cardinal Newman is sympathetic, appreciative, and based on a real knowledge both of the writer and of the living man. The second subject is more important, and on this too Mr. Ward's book is a very real contribution to a difficult problem, which will be valued by all who have attempted to face that problem.

Two points especially emerge in his discussion, and on both his line seems true and sound. The first deals with the relation in which an individual must stand to the tendencies of his own age, to the *Zeit-geist*; on this his view is that it is impossible to ignore these tendencies, and yet it is all important that a man should not be carried away by them, that he should know how to keep his head, remembering that it is the duty of the student to preserve old truth as well as to assimilate new and to combine the whole into an ultimate unity. This is essentially true and is exactly parallel to St. Paul's contrast between the wisdom of this age (τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου) and God's wisdom, foreordained before the ages (πρὸ τῶν αἰώνων 1 Cor. ii. 6, 7), and needing many ages for its development. The inference drawn from this is that while one living in an age of faith would do well to be critical and on his guard against credulity, in the present age of restless inquiry and criticism a man would do well to give his attention very closely to the phenomena of an age of faith as a corrective, and in the first essay Kant, Newman, and Tennyson are most interestingly treated as special benefactors of this age, because, while boldly facing all that is to be theoretically said on the side of materialism, they yet clung to their faith in the Unseen, by giving due weight to man's moral nature—Kant dwelling mainly on the sense of law which connected that nature with the unseen world; Tennyson on the depths revealed in the power of the human heart to love; while Newman "finds at once the sense of law and of deepest personal love in conscience, and appeals to both as testifying to a personal law-giver and a God of Love" (p. 25).

The second important point is treated mainly in the last essay, "The Wish to Believe," a dialogue between a fervent and able Roman Catholic and an able Agnostic, and is this, that in dealing with religious truth, the right attitude of mind is neither that of unreasoning credulity, nor again that of the law-court which is impartial and ready to find either side true, because the facts have no bearing on our own personal welfare, but the attitude of hope, the hope of finding that the best is true. Hence the student has to bring all parts of his nature, not the intellect only, into action in estimating the value of religious arguments, and he has also to be ready to face the consequences of the result at which he arrives, as of vital importance and as affecting life at every turn. This position, which is rather elaborately built up in a dialogue of 150 pages, will be

* 'Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays.' By Wilfrid Ward. (Macmillan and Co. 1893.)

found excellently summarised in the last two pages of the volume. The whole lines seem to me sound and quite first-rate in the way in which faith is treated as a serious act affecting life throughout. It is the same thought as is found in Browning's poem "Shah Abbas." There the story is told that a certain Shah died, frightened by the sight of a spider in his wine. The evidence is good, and everyone at first believes it. But then this fact is proposed to be made a reason for heavily fining the son of the cup-bearer whose negligence had caused the Shah's death; and he at once picks holes in the story; the evidence is not sufficient "to warrant *the large word, belief*." Up to moment belief that had been nothing more than

> "The easy acquiescence of mankind
> In matters nowise worth dispute."

Now it is a large word, affecting life and action. Here surely is a ground on which we may hope that the Agnostic and the believer will be drawn nearer together. No doubt many Agnostics will plead that they do in life face more serious consequences than the believer does—and we doubt whether Mr. Ward has done sufficient justice to this fact—yet if both Agnostics and believers are doing this more, they will be drawn more closely together in spirit, and so have more chance of seeing the same vision.

Another line of approximation may be seen in the recognition by Mr. Ward that the problem before the believer in really assimilating his inherited belief is practically the same as that of the Agnostic in trying to discover truth. "'The wish to believe' and 'the passion for knowledge' are seen to be analogous if we accept the view as to the necessarily personal nature of the inquiry into Christianity by each individual; the full apprehension of its proofs being such as in great measure to depend on individual experience and personal realisation" (p. xxviii).

This is the utterance of a Roman Catholic; put side by side by this an extract from a recent work by a great Anglican, "Truth of discovery is received by everyone except the discoverer as much from without as if it were revealed. Truth of revelation remains inert till it has been appropriated by a human working of recognition which it is hard to distinguish from that of discovery."* These two extracts may show the abstract inquirer for truth how much of fellow-feeling he will find within the lines of the Christian Church.

In all these central points Mr. Ward's book seems strong and of permanent value. But I have hinted that there are exceptions to be made, and these are two.

(1) These theories are supplemented by a fanciful defence of the Papal authority. Mr. Ward could, indeed, scarcely avoid dealing with the subject, for his main aim is to attract the student of knowledge to the Roman Church by making him feel that in it is to be found the fullest satisfaction for his desire, the most complete truth; but, naturally, the question arises, "has not the Roman Church discouraged knowledge and condemned truth, as in the case of Abelard and Galileo?" The answer propounded to this difficulty is very ingenious. It is in substance this. The Church is primarily concerned in guarding the faith of its members; but a new truth often appears as error to those who are unprepared for it; it comes associated with novelty, doubt, distrust of the Church's teaching, infidelity; hence the Church is obliged, in the interests of the weak, to condemn it, and, it may be, to burn its promulgator. But as time goes on, its true proportion is seen, its association with unbelief is removed, and then the Church can sanction it. Now such premisses as these certainly would justify the conclusion that in presence of a new discovery the Church's attitude should be that of suspense, that it should say to the weak brother, "Wait, do not condemn, do not hastily accept; wait till we have seen the relation of this truth to older truths," and to say to him who has discovered the truth, "You must not preach it at present;" but to advance to the farther position, "This is false, and he who holds it must be excommunicated or burnt," is unjust on the discoverer, and is sure in the end to discredit the authority of the Church.

(2) Our final criticism is a doubt whether all the essays are quite worth republishing in a permanent form. They are all admirably fitted for magazine articles, bright, clear, incisive, humorous, full of interesting illustrations from history and literature, yet the occasion of some of them is too ephemeral to justify their reproduction. I am inclined to think that this is true of No. IV., "Some aspects of Newman's Influence," and of No. V., "Philalethes," though they contain two delightful descriptions of the Cardinal, which are worth extracting.

> "Leading the simple, consistent life of a priest, ever ready to help those who came to him or wrote to him for advice, shunning the crowd, welcoming each individual, helping each according to his character to love God and to realise the true end of life, never seeking influence for its own sake, thinking only of those he was helping, grateful for their trust but deeply feeling its sacredness before God and his responsibility for the use he made of it, throwing himself into the position of each of those who consulted him, as if each were the only one, he gained steadily in immediate influence as time went on; while the power of a devoted life, as a witness to the unseen world, made its way to the crowds who form public opinion" (p. 114).

And again:

> "The very lines on Newman's face, the very expression of his features, told of what his writing bears witness to—his critical, careful, conscientious recognition of all that was perplexing and apparently contradictory; as the smile which would break forth now and again had in it something which spoke of the vision of the Unseen, which promised an ultimate solution in another world, but never in this."

But if the case of these essays is doubtful, on the other hand I feel no doubt that the second essay on "The Clothes of Religion" is not worth republication. Its occasion was ephemeral and its tone is marred by flippancy. While containing much clever criticism on Positivism, it shows no power of appreciating the elements of truth in it; it might serve the purposes of the superficial ridiculer, it would never convince an adherent or confirm a waverer. Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis *Christus* eget.

WALTER LOCK.

* Dr. Hort. 'Hulsean Lectures,' p. 75.

TRADITIONAL GAMES.*

Children's Games form one of the most interesting sections of the study of Folk-lore. They, without doubt, contain many relics of belief and custom from the early ages of the human race, and if they could only be made to yield up their secrets, they would throw no small light on the progress of man.

Mrs. Gomme says, in her Preface: "Children do not invent, but they imitate or mimic very largely, and in many of these Games we have, there is little doubt, unconscious folk-dramas of events and customs which were at one time being enacted as part of the serious concerns of life before the eyes of children many generations ago."

G. Pitré, in his Introduction to his 'Giuochi fanciulleschi Siciliani,' expresses the same opinion, and adds that the rites, ceremonies, and customs imitated in children's games relate generally to the three great events of human life—birth, marriage, and death. For a full study of them that will lead to useful and satisfactory results, the first step is to collect them in all their variants, however trifling in appearance the variants may look. This step has been taken by Mrs. Gomme and her husband, the President of the Folk-lore Society of London. The work has been done with the greatest care. The alphabetical arrangement has been adopted, and no doubt this is the most convenient for reference.

"The games consist of two main divisions, which may be called descriptive, and singing or choral." The same order of description has been followed in each game. This is the true scientific method. "The descriptive games are arranged so as to give the most perfect type, and, where they occur, variable types in succession, followed, where possible, by any suggestions I have to make as to the possible origin of the game. The singing games are arranged so as to give, first, the tunes; secondly, the different versions of the game-rhymes; thirdly, the method of playing; fourthly, an analysis of the game-rhymes on a plan arranged by my husband, and which is an entirely novel feature in discussing

* 'Traditional Games.' A Dictionary of British Folk-Lore. Edited by G. Laurence Gomme, Esq., F.S.A. Part I., The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Collected and annotated by Alice Bertha Gomme. 12s. 6d. nett. (D. Nutt.)

the history of games; fifthly, a discussion of the results of the analysis of the rhymes so far as the different versions allow; and, sixthly, an attempt to deduce from the evidence thus collected suggestions as to the probable origin of the game, together with such references to early authorities and other facts bearing upon the subject as help to elucidate the views expressed." Mrs. Gomme has strictly adhered to the plan thus sketched out, and the consequence is that the book is methodical and clear from beginning to end. In the discussions on the various games, many references to customs and beliefs crop up. Thus, in the game of London Bridge, allusion to human sacrifice by burying the victim below the foundation-stone is made in a dim, confused way. It may be interesting to state that at the present day one will hear from aged men and women in parts of Scotland, skilled in old-world lore, stories of castles founded on a human being—the first one the masons could lay their hands on as they went to lay the first stone. An old mason, lately dead, told the writer that he saw the burial of a man below the corner-stone of a house acted at the founding of a house in a fashionable health-resort in Aberdeenshire about sixty years ago. The same mason, when a boy, killed a bird to put below the foundation-stone of a bridge over the river Dee in Aberdeenshire.

The game entitled "Isabella" is evidently a representation of courtship and marriage. Mrs. Gomme has not a version of this game from Scotland, though it is known there.

The different games of Ball are full of interest. Some of these in parts of the country were played only at certain fixed times, as Christmas, New Year's Day, or some fair-day.

One is struck with the wide diffusion of certain of the games. They are met with in all parts of Britain, and not merely in Britain, but in not a few of the countries of Europe. For example, the game of "Buffet the Bear" that used to be played in the North of Scotland is played in one of the Greek Islands under the name of Glyki Krasi, or Sweet Wine. Another game played in the island of Syra for money used to be played in the North of Scotland under the name of "Skyte-the-Bob" for old buttons. Where have such games had their home, and how have they found their way over so many lands? It is a problem hard to solve, if not impossible. Mrs. Gomme will doubtlessly help to shed light on this interesting point. Many of those games are hoary with age, besides being widely spread. "Buck, buck," was a Roman game. Petronius Arbiter, who wrote in the time of Nero, refers to it, and in such a way as to show that it was a common game with the boys of Rome. At the present day it is well known in Sicily under various names, one of which is "A Cancara e bella," and the words used bear no small resemblance to those given by Mrs. Gomme. It is widely spread in Italy, and an author writing in the year 1709 gives the formula used in Naples at that time, hardly different from that used at the present time.

Mrs. Gomme has not touched on the intricate subject of the origin and development of children's games, nor has she made any comparison with the games of children of foreign countries. She promises to discuss these questions in an Appendix to the second volume. She has a difficult and heavy task to perform, as every one who has tried to collect the games of children and to give a written description of them, knows. All that love what is of man from the cradle to the grave will be grateful to her for the volume she has given, and will heartily wish her health and strength to finish what she has so well begun.

Before closing let one word be spoken on the educational value of these games. They are exactly what children take pleasure in. They must be active. In their games they enjoy action without conscious finality. When they are made to feel finality in their actions, these actions lose their spontaneity, and bring little or no enjoyment. In all they do and say they look to the needs of the moment. The rhymes, too, are what suit their memories, and thus afford them pleasure, and help to call forth and strengthen their mental powers. The games are useful in strengthening and developing their bodies, and in teaching them to control and govern their tempers, and to act honestly. It may be mentioned that educationists in Portugal have taken up the point of their value in education, and a little book entitled, "Jogos e Rimas infantis," has been compiled and issued in "Bibliotheca d'Educacão Nacional," under the editorship of F. Adolpho Coelho.

We congratulate Mrs. Gomme on the work she has done, and we shall look eagerly for the second volume.

Walter Gregor.

ESTHER WATERS.*

'Esther Waters' is not the turning point in Mr. George Moore's literary career. In several recent utterances it might have been read that the turning point was reached some time ago, that he had worked out his old inspirations, or was getting such new light on them as would transfuse them into something new. Only till now he has had no prominent opportunity of showing the changes in his aims or in his expression of these. 'Esther Waters' will then stand to mark the place where he turned off and sought other things than of old. Not that he has forsworn all his former methods or his former self, but these are made to subserve the impulsive, dominating force of the new spirit.

What Mr. Moore set out to do in this story was to relate the life and adventures of a poor little kitchenmaid, whom an unkind fate forced into the household of a racing, betting squire, and afterwards cast adrift on London in poverty and loneliness. The circumstances of such a history are suggestive enough of ugliness, meanness, and vulgarity; and Mr. Moore, it must be said, has not heretofore been slow to make use of such opportunities. Well, 'Esther Waters' is not an idyll, exactly. But plunging boldly into the harsh, unclean, tawdry, cruel life of London squalor, of racecourse and public-house glitter, he has drawn up the essential reality, and behold there is nothing in it alien to heroism of sturdy growth and purity that is inherent. Honesty, courage, and wholesome sweetness are hardy blossoms that stand and endure and bloom in poisonous air. 'Esther Waters,' the most vigorous denunciation of gambling that ever was written, has been laid, it is said, under some kind of modified taboo. It would be well to discuss this point of view if one could bring one's self to understand it. It is easier to conceive of its striking readers as showing a moral purpose far too insistently. From beginning to end it is pervaded by a sense of the everlasting usefulness and beauty of moral effort, but, though the purpose is always evident and near the surface, Mr. Moore has reached his particular result mostly by a refining and a ripening of his artistic perceptions. The heaping up of detail and circumstance, the pride in gathering all the material possible for scene-building, the photographic method of "include everything as it comes—it must be right if it's there"—was an interesting stage in modern fiction, accepted by some as a final artistic inspiration, while, as a matter of fact, it was only science putting its spoke in, begging art to take life seriously, and look it in the face without fear. Half the behest was based on a complete misunderstanding of the temperament and the uses of art; the other half was intelligent. But the whole was obeyed for a time with conscientious literalness. Art is now recovering a sense of its own essential differences and conditions, but it has retained a respect for common life, and the understanding that such life can be used for artistic purposes. Mr. Moore has gone through the discipline. He keeps the habit of minute observation, some of the old pride in lack of fastidiousness, and a belief in the uses of the camera. But these he is not mastered by now.

'Esther Waters' is a democratic novel. Through it there breathe not only sympathy with life at its hardest, but a hearty and altogether unpatronising respect for the strugglers. Mr. Moore exaggerates just as little as he idealises. You see no giant tyrant consistently threatening and opposing and killing. Help, friendliness, kindliness are lights that stream into betting holes, and burn down area steps, and amid squalor and low aims. For all his French sympathies Mr. Moore has read the English heart aright. He has seen the springs that keep it wholesome, divined the consolations that keep it from being altogether debased. The emotional Protestantism of the little sects that gather into their narrow folds so much fervour and tender passion is shown as a living force, and not only without cynicism, but without patronage.

* 'Esther Waters.' By George Moore. (W. Scott and Co.)

There is little of beauty in circumstance or setting. Mr. Moore is wonderfully sparing of prettiness. Indeed his hand is a hard one. In only a few passages does the beauty of the world shine through, and this is one of them. Esther has been taken into Kent to make friends with the relatives of her lover Fred, the religious stationer—

"Fred was on a ladder shaking the branches, but he came down when he saw Esther, and Harry, his brother, took his place. Esther and Fred filled one basket, then, yielding to a mutual inclination, they wandered about the orchard, stopping on the little plank bridge. They hardly spoke at all, words seemed unnecessary; each felt happiness to be in the other's presence. They heard the water trickling through the weeds, and as the light waned, the sound of the falling apples grew more distinct. Then a breeze shivered among the tops of the apple trees, and the sered leaves were blown from the branches. The voices of the gatherers were heard crying that their baskets were full. They crossed the plank bridge, joking the lovers, who stood aside to let them pass. A red moon rose behind the hillside into a dark leaden sky. When they entered the house they saw the old farmer, who had slipped in before them, sitting by his wife holding her hand, patting it in a curious old-time way."

This is a glimpse as rare to the reader as it was to Esther. She did not marry Fred after all. A life with him was the brightest prospect she had ever had, but duty with its roots in the past seemed to point away from the paths of comfort and even of strict morality. "One doesn't do the good that one would like to in the world; one has to do the good that comes to one to do." This is Esther's philosophy; not a bad one, faithfully adhered to.

To be in keeping with his subject Mr. Moore has adopted a very plain diction. He has held himself in. There is nothing grandiloquent either in sentiment or expression. There is no fine writing at all—to tell the truth, there is a good deal of uncommonly poor writing. But blunders and carelessness apart, it is artistic in its methods and its tone. It is painstaking, plain, and detailed like the life it paints. There are shorter ways for poets, and a poet Mr. Moore is not. But poetry, after all, while making us realise the misery and the heroism as a whole, might have obscured what he particularly desired to show—the daily buffetings, hourly chances, mischances, hopes, and despairs of those that are not fortune's favourites. G-Y.

BAN AND ARRIÈRE BAN.*

A volume of the lightest, most frivolous verse is this, but it leaves a pleasant ring in your ears, and what more solemn books often fail to do—a respect for the skilful maker. Skill is its highest quality as verse, for it does not show Mr. Lang at his poetical best. It must be accounted for grace, and not to his discredit, that some rhymes which are good as mere rollicking fun—like the Poems written under the Influence of Wordsworth—and not as anything else, should have been permitted to appear to damage the writer's reputation in the eyes of solemnly fastidious readers. There are some good translations, a few indifferent love-songs, a heroic tale, "How They Held the Bass for King James," and an Address of a Scot to Jeanne d'Arc, the last filled with a fine national pride—

"Dark lily without blame,
Not upon us the shame,
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true;
They, by the Maiden's side,
Victorious fought and died.
One stood by thee that fiery torment through
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed."

He was a monk of Dunfermline, says a note.

The fairy poems printed in Mr. Lang's edition of Kirk's 'Secret Commonwealth' are given here, along with another, "In Ercildoune," and, placed side by side with some of the high-spirited and chaffing rhymes, there is a still eerier sound in their yearning—

"Would that through the little town,
The grey old place of Ercildoune,
And all along the sleepy street
The soft fall of the white deer's feet
Came, with the mystical command
That I must back to fairy land!"

The rest is mostly good and graceful nonsense. Psychical research has found its muse in Mr. Lang, but "The Haunted Homes of England" must give way, for purposes of quotation, to "The Tournay of the Heroes," where he tells of the fight of old Romance 'gainst Modern Fiction. It is indeed a glorious battle, gloriously recounted:—

"There spurs the wary Egoist, defiance in his eye;
There Zola's ragged regiment comes, with dynamite in hand,
And Flaubert's crew of county doctors devastate the land.
On Robert Elsmere Friar Tuck falls with his quarter-staff,
Nom Dé! to see the clerics fight might make the sourest laugh!
. . . . . .
At length but two are left on ground, and David Grieve is one;
Ma foy, what deeds of derring-do that bookseller hath done!
The other—mark the giant frame, the great, portentous fist!—
'Tis Porthos! David Grieve may call on Kuenen an he list."

* 'Ban and Arrière Ban.' A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING AND ARTHURIAN STORY.*

Not everybody perhaps would agree with Professor Maccallum in classing the 'Idylls of the King' as Tennyson's most important work, or even as his most characteristic production; but it can hardly be denied that to English-speaking people in general he is known as the poet of the Idylls; and certainly no one would assert that the labour of love which this book represents was wasted on an unworthy subject. The singularly modest title-page takes no account of an introduction forming a hundred pages, which traces the Arthurian story from its misty origin in Celtic tradition. Of the book proper about half is devoted to an exposition of Tennyson's Arthurian poems; but this is led up to by an extensive and readable review of the poets—French, German, and English—who have dealt with this cycle of legends since the days of Mallory, and the variations introduced by them. This represents an immense deal of out-of-the-way reading; and hardly any book is noticed at second-hand.

The main object of the work is to show that all previous treatments of the story were defective, and that it found in Tennyson the man whose need it suited and who was equal to the task. Milton had planned an Arthuriad; was not this the chance for Drayton's aspiration to be curiously answered. "For some abundant, oh! *there* had been a story? Beyond the blind man's might to have enhanced our glory." Professor Maccallum thinks Milton was wise; the theme was unsuited to epic treatment. The Arthurian legends are representative of an artificial order, not of a people; an order passes, a people remains; with the passing of chivalry the tales lost all genuine hold on the popular mind; the story of the Old Testament was real to the English people, the story of Arthur was not. It was characteristic, too, of legends of knight errantry that the central figure should recede, and the story break itself up into detached adventures not to be welded into a whole by any architect of the imagination.

Precisely for this reason the subject suited Tennyson, who had not the architectonic faculty. An Idyll is not, as Professor Maccallum calls it, an epic in miniature, but is like a piece out of an epic: the essence of epic lies in the combining of parts into a whole; and the Idylls of the King are individual scenes, or episodes, wrought up in themselves with the utmost elaboration of detail; a series of pictures not groups in one great canvas. Even of the individual actions and personages recorded it cannot be said that they are instinct with life; but the primary object with Tennyson was not to produce the illusion of reality. Something exotic, something unreal has always haunted these legends; their characters have never taken flesh and blood, like Roland or Achilles; and just this shadowiness, this vagueness, fitted them for his purpose of expressing abstract thought in concrete images.

* 'Tennyson's Idylls of the King and Arthurian Story from the Sixteenth Century.' By M. W. Maccallum, M.A., Professor of Modern Literature in the University of Sydney. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons.)

The poet avowed his allegorical intention. "By Arthur," he said to Mr. Knowles, "I always meant the soul." Professor Maccallum points out, however, that the allegorical structure was slow in developing. He might probably have strengthened this point by collating editions and noting changes in the text; but it is a great virtue in him, while making out clearly the general lines of allegory, not to have pressed it into details. Ingenuity of this kind has had fatal charms for many critics. He has rather preferred to point out how the allegorical purpose has determined the version of the legend which Tennyson follows. In the older stories Modred is Arthur's son, born of incestuous union with a sister, and predestined to an equally terrible intrigue with Guinevere. This is, of course, foreign to the whole conception of the Idylls. This legend, with its sinister suggestion of Nemesis, was treated by Thomas Hughes in what would seem to be the finest of those pre-Shaksperian plays composed on the Senecan model. Gawain, originally a knight as blameless and almost as great as Arthur, has fallen into ill-repute in these latter days, and, curiously enough, the Grail, which is in Tennyson the pivot of the story, apparently does not appear in 'Geoffrey of Monmouth' at all.

The most interesting part, however, of the book, to my mind, is that which deals with the previous fortunes of the legend, beginning with a drama by Hans Sachs, a Lutheran cobbler poet early in the sixteenth century. In England, after the Renaissance, the story fell into disrepute from which Blackmore's political epic, with an idealised William III. for hero, failed to redeem it. Tom Thumb became localised at Arthur's court, and Fielding made a comedy of it. About the same time in France the Comte de Tressan refashioned the legend in the China shepherdess manner, and hints discreetly at secret supper parties in joyous Garde between Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Iseult—"mais quels délicieux soupers!" Later, Baron de Lesser treated it with persiflage, and Edgar Quinet in 1860 published a 'Merlin l'Enchanteur,' which apparently was to show that France could better Goethe on his own lines. In Germany there were a crop of Arthurian poets, of whom Immerman is stated to be "profoundly sad," and all of whom appear sadly profound.

Wordsworth coquetted (if one may use such a word) with the story in his 'Egyptian Maid,' and Scott's friend Leyden published a poem on Merlin; but is not this Merdwynn Wylt whom Scott, in his note on Thomas the Rhymer, distinguishes from Ambrori Merlin, the friend of Arthur? This Merlin (who met his death at once by wood, earth, and water, and is buried at Drumhelziar) lived in Strathclyde, and the name of Wyld is said to occur there and there only in Scotland. Moreover, his power over spirits has reappeared in his descendant, Dr. Wyld, the well-known authority on Theosophy—a curious instance of atavism.

Why should Professor Maccallum, who writes a very clear style, be obscure in his translation? "At all events, they make me a part here," p. 221 (presumably "ils me font un rôle"). "The chaste fool, enlightened by sympathy, wait for him, whom I have chosen" (p. 239). He is addicted also to the queer word "irregulous;" and why does he mis-quote Heber's best line "Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung," not "mystic" fabric. But he has written a most valuable book, and I feel personally grateful to him for an introduction to Hawker's poems and the 'Lancelot' of Gordon, the Australian racing-man and poet, with its singular self-revelation.

S. L. GWYNN.

PIERS PLOWMAN.*

In books that represent a weight of accumulated research, his own and other good scholars', M. Jusserand hardly ever fails to pay a courteous deference to that mere general interest so commonly scorned by the erudite. 'Piers Plowman' is one of the pleasantest and most sympathetic of his books. The subject is one of long interest with him. About fourteen or fifteen years ago a little brochure of his on 'The Vision' was reprinted from the *Revue Critique*. Still, in this particular case he is more of a compiler and populariser than elsewhere. The work of research has been done so well by Dr. Skeat that there is little left to other scholars save to test and corroborate the results of the philologist's labours. M. Jusserand has here more obviously written for his own countrymen than for English students, and let this be the book's recommendation in the eyes of all save a few specialists. Nowhere else will so full and accurate an introduction to the subject be found, one more likely to start off a reader on a detailed and comparative study of the three texts in Dr. Skeat's editions.

But there is work of M. Jusserand's own here, which he owes to no one. The second title, "A Contribution to the Study of English Mysticism," might seem to point to it, but this is not strictly the case. In fact, it is only by stretching the term that Langland can be counted among the mystics at all. He saw visions and dreamed dreams, like other poets. He spoke in allegory sometimes, like other poets. Among his personages there rises one—a strange, powerful, not all comprehensible symbol of the spiritual in humanity. By his creation or conception of Piers he is a mystic—but only in the sense that all poets are so who are not mere rhymers. His system of thought and opinion, if he can be said to have had one, was not mystic at all, but much concerned in ends and means with the world about him. The chapter, therefore, entitled "The Place of Langland in Mystic Literature," is full of delightful, suggestive, and also irrelevant things. Like much of M. Jusserand's work, it reminds one of pages from a clearly-written note-book.

M. Jusserand's original contribution is other than this, and in it he has made a new departure. Till now he has excelled rather in depicting the life and character of epochs than in extracting the secret of individual souls. But no one has read Langland's heart more closely. In the first place—though here he has had forerunners—he has stripped him of much of that popular reputation that sprang up about him so quickly, and of late years has been held with devout ignorance, that made of him a fiery, reckless-tongued demagogue, a more spiritual John Bull, a saintly Wat Tyler. The Piers' myth grew quickly in a time of trouble and ferment, when men needed a spiritual light to fight their battles by. For all popular purposes he will still remain the poet of popular struggle against chilling dogmatism and the tyranny of the rich. And by his sympathies, if not by his opinions, he is such. But so simple a conception of Langland is not to be gathered from his own words. M. Jusserand's aim is to show him as a man and a poet, and with a subtlety which no one else has exercised on the subject, he has read him in all his contradictoriness, his inconsistencies, his complicated difficulties of character. He is one of the most intimately personal of poets, but the preconceived ideas of the many, and the narrow, philological interests of the others, have much misread him. His French interpreter sympathetically sees him as the poor charity priest, ground by poverty to sing "Placebos" and "Diriges" to keep starvation off, dependent as a beggar on the rich, yet without a beggar's status or placidity, bitterness and tenderness almost equally compounded in his nature, harassed with intellectual and moral doubts, keeping up a constant dialogue between his different struggling selves, a man of boundless curiosity into things holy and unholy, desultory in habits and in learning, with that yearning sympathy for all ills, his own included, that marks the strength and the weakness of the artist nature. Perhaps M. Jusserand may be slightly straining words in seeing in the poet's confessions "some of the symptoms of those diseases of the will which have been so minutely studied in our time. The bent of his mind, the predominance of Ymagynatyf, his insatiable curiosity, and his vast but frustrated hopes, his false social position, his retired life, his reveries and his contemplations, all tended to the ruin of that frail edifice, human will." But those who turn to "Piers Plowman" with a ready ear for the humanity in it will agree that M. Jusserand has come near the truth if he has shot past it.

With regard to Langland's art, the criticism is interesting and apt, if less individual. "Langland is unconscious of what he is led to; his visions are for him real ones; he tells

* 'Piers Plowman.' A Contribution to the History of English Mysticism. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by M. E. R. Revised and enlarged by the Author. Illustrated. 12s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

them as they rise before him; he is scarcely aware that he invents; he stares at the sight and wonders as much as we do; he can change nothing; his personages are beyond his reach. There is therefore nothing prepared, artistically arranged, or skilfully contrived, in his poem. The deliberate hand of the man of the craft is nowhere to be seen. He obtains artistic effects, but without seeking for them; he never selects or co-ordinates. He is suddenly led, and leads us, from one subject to another, without any better transition than an 'and thanne' or a 'with that.'" Where M. Jusserand goes wrong is in his wide generalisations about the English character.

To add to the attractiveness of a delightful book, a series of illustrations, finely reproduced from old MSS. and prints, have been included, and though some of them are hardly relevant to the subject, that is no matter for complaint. Blake's "Morning Stars Sang Together" is not illustrative of Langland, perhaps, but one is far from wishing it away.

G-Y.

DR. HAKE'S POEMS.*

Mrs. Meynell has made a characteristically rigid selection. It is but a comparatively small number of the poems in the volumes published at intervals over more than fifty years that she would have Dr. Hake judged by, and doubtless she has known best how to do honour to his poetic fame. Whether honour be a just representation is another matter; he has written more than this that is good, but perhaps no more that could pass through the sieve of a nervously fastidious editor like the present one.

"Dr. Hake has a solemn and distinct note, little confusible with the other notes of the concerted song of poets," begins Mrs. Meynell's account of him. There is austere earnestness about him rather than solemnity; at all events, he is not awe-inspiring. And at times if his notes are not "confusible," they very strongly suggest, in good qualities and bad, respectively, two of his contemporaries, Bell Scott and Wordsworth. It was the "tradition of deep composure" "he inherited by right of his time and place" which permitted him no doubt such bland utterances as

> "Or give him apples for his lunch,
> That he loved leisurely to munch."

or

> "At times he walks upon his head;
> A form of prayer for daily bread."

But while he was not unharmed by that 'tradition of deep composure," there is in him the genuine poetic impulse, and that is always enough to wing him from time to time above the influence of mere contemporary suggestion into a region which his own soul had fitted for itself. No one can read these poems without noting the originality and the independence of the spirit of all the best among them. One thing to be remarked is, that, while Dr. Hake's expres sion is natively and studiously simple; while here, and in those that are not here, he chooses, with a frequency that suggests preference, simple subjects of English country life, it is not in these he is most happy. He is a poetic wanderer with somewhat exotic taste, often most at home when farthest from familiar scenes. "The Snake Charmer" and "The Shepherdess," are perhaps the finest things he ever wrote. "The Snake Charmer," told in the simplest, directest of words, yet contrives to be a weird and powerful picture of a tropical forest full of death, and the power over the most awful form of death tragically slipping away. "The Shepherdess" is a finely suggested legend of the daughter of a Chaldean Shepherd king. The verse of it is exquisite; its pictorial qualities have that mystic clearness which thrills and never wearies the memory, and makes us safe never to forget the maiden beginning her strange journey—

> "She bears her crook o'er living plains, her way
> Through tents in which the thoughtful shepherds dwell,
> Who watch the heavens where the bright grazers stray,
> And think they hear the bell
> Whose holy tinklings, as they softly play,
> The fates of men foretell."

"Old Souls," like some of the others, has fine passages in it, rather than is fine as a whole. But perfect or imperfect, complete or incomplete, there is hardly one that does not strike a warmly sympathetic note. We would gladly guide a reader by quotations to many pleasant nooks and corners, but space is inexorable, and allows us now only to point, as proof of the charm of Dr. Hake's verse, to his "Farewell to Nature."

> "Last wish of age! How sweet one glance would be,
> Even from the sod, the olden haunts to see;
> * * * *
> To look where light once was, if but to know
> Of its faint struggle through the winnowed snow.
> * * * *
> To find that all was safe, all gliding on
> In beauty's leisure ways, though we were gone."

G-Y.

* 'The Poems of Thomas Gordon Hake.' Selected with a Prefatory Memoir by Alice Meynell, and a Portrait by D. G. Rossetti. 5s. net. (E. Mathews and J. Lane.)

MARCELLA.*

The religious novel turned secular is always a terrible thing, but there is a good deal in 'Marcella' on which to congratulate Mrs. Ward. As a mere bit of writing, so far as stringing sentences together is concerned, it is the best thing she has done, and very much the least pretentious. Perhaps "pretentious" is too harsh a word to apply to 'Robert Elsmere' and 'David Grieve,' but these novels certainly aimed in ambitious directions which greater experience has evidently taught Mrs. Ward are not those best fitted for her talents. Her earlier books took themselves for granted as contributions to imaginative literature, while their whole worth lay elsewhere. 'Marcella' makes no such claim, and, read aright, contains therefore no such failure. But Mrs. Ward is still very much herself. 'Robert Elsmere's' hold on popular affection lay in its marvellous, perhaps unconscious, gauging of the public interest in religious questions, its flattery of their sense of daring by the suggestion of unorthodoxy, and this without tiring their minds, or leading them too far, or even anywhere in particular. 'David Grieve' did something of the same kind, only the problems dealt with were personal rather than theological, and its special attraction was the presentation of that spectacle always dear to the popular mind, so unknown to the world of reality, a soul giving way to sin and never a penny the worse in the end. Mrs. Ward suggests depths of peril, and then stretches out her arms and hides the precipice. This game of alternate danger and safety, the enjoyment of experience without paying its price, is a fascinating one to youths.

There is something of the same kind here. Marcella's soul is much concerned about poverty and riches. Most ingeniously her lot is cast amongst Tories and Radicals and Socialists, political and non-political reformers, and the several points of view of all these are presented. Marcella is all for Socialism to begin with, and she quarrels with her landlord lover over his treatment of a poacher. She is indefinitely Socialistic to the end, but finds it possible to accept the landlord, a noble and benevolent Conservative prig. Her experiences have taught her little but caution and a distaste for positive creeds. For those who have thought labour questions too shocking to be looked at save with horror, the book should be a liberal education. They will see that respectability, and culture, and social position —all the safe things in fact—are not too much imperilled or defiled by discussion of the agitations of the day. Mrs. Ward is here again the gentle pioneer of timid souls. Those who have looked the questions in the face, or the realities behind the questions, had better let the book alone. It is not for them.

An old-fashioned way of making historical and other information palatable to young minds was to invent a domestic foreground, with Harry and Mary and Lucy and the good mamma for the *dramatis personæ*. With such home-like scenery and familiar personages close by, there was nothing so terrifying and distasteful after all in facts about Magna Carta and Chimborazo. Mrs. Ward has revived this method for grown-up readers, many of whom find newspapers distasteful. She has prepared for such the essence of many newspapers, organs of various opinions, a

* 'Marcella.' By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 3 vols. (Smith and Elder.)

digest of the Fabian essays, and the echoes of intelligent and serious-minded dinner-tables. It is really a very impartial version she gives, much more fair-minded than you would expect from any one who is so hampered by a good education as Mrs. Ward sometimes appears to be. Her sympathy with toil and hardship is sincere, and not even academically expressed. But to think of the labour of three volumes spent on what must be out of date next month! For, of course, the book, which is but an echo of echoes, cannot be a social document of value.

As a novel, I fear it is only dull. There is some ambitious character-painting in it, but none very successful. Marcella is meant to have a tremendous personality. She strikes one as ill-mannered, egotistical, and stagy in her philanthropic methods. Her mother, meant to be very complicated, is a thing of shreds and patches. Wharton we have a notion is made wickeder than he need be to show off the immaculateness of that deadly prig, the hero. There is no attempt at dramatic incident. A strike occurs, but you hear its echoes only in the distance, and here Mrs. Ward is wiser than of old. She accepts her mission, which is to preach; and she has a real gift for preaching and exposition. The book is preternaturally solemn, and has that terrible insistence on biographical detail which forces the most attractive of her characters to be bores. "So she began it—her long confession, from the earliest days. He winced often—she never wavered. . . . He tried to take possession of her, to stop her, to silence all this self-condemnation on his breast. But she would not have it; she held him away from her." Would that we could silence some of the torrent of gratuitous biography on our breasts! But she will not have it.

'Marcella' bears marks of talent, industry, and culture on every page. But it wants just all the qualities which belong to the flimsiest work of art, or rather it does not pretend to possess them. Serious purpose sits within its doors, but imagination never once looks through its windows. G. Y.

NOVEL NOTES.

A VALIANT IGNORANCE. By Mary A. Dickens. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

To find one's special power so quickly as Miss Dickens has done is rare and very fortunate. Much good time is wasted in failing where other people have succeeded in an attractive way, and the gain from the failures is not always adequate to the waste of force. In 'Cross Currents,' still more in 'A Mere Cypher' and in her latest story, she has made straight for the thing she can do, and do with remarkable ability. She is an analyst of character, merciless often, always unflinching, but honest, serious, and capable. For her experiments she does not select some abnormal, or particularly subtle, or outwardly interesting subject; a man or woman you may meet in the street any day serves her purpose, for life is sure to have teased, and buffeted, and tried them enough to make their machinery of motives and feelings and conduct worth while examining. She is not, as yet at least, a very attractive teller of a story. There are no dramatic moments; beauty and picturesqueness of setting are nowhere to be seen; to say that she writes correctly and wholly without pretension and affectation, is all that can be said on the score of style, though that already is much. Her aim she adheres to with a rare singleness of purpose, to read and translate those characters too often lumped, and labelled, and set aside as commonplace and insignificant. In 'A Valiant Ignorance' there are two under her microscope, a mother and son, the wife and son of a swindler who shot himself when discovery of his misdeeds came. The woman is hard, superficial, worldly; the possibility of her existence ends with the limits of society; of honour or delicate moral sense she has none; supremely clever in social accomplishments, and with the mental horizon of some animal of low development, she is yet far more than the typical worldling. Her life is full of pluck; her love for her boy, expressed artificially, shown in ruinous indulgence, is wound all round her nature, and there is something heroic, though altogether wrongheaded and unsuccessful, in her attempt to keep the taint of his father's guilt away from her child. Julian is hardly less skilfully examined, though having nothing to do with his creation we can hardly look so hopefully on him as we are asked to do in the end. Even with Clemence as a stand by, and after the discipline of his punishment, what will become of him? Was there that in him which would for long counteract the poison that worked so powerfully in his blood? His mental obtuseness is too much insisted on to allow us ease on this point. The story is keenly interesting in spite of the deadly monotony of its fashionable London society setting. There is the interest of truth and earnestness and insight about it; and perhaps, after all, these powers and purposes shine the more clearly in such an atmosphere.

ANGUISH. By Emilio Montanaro. (Henry.)

"Emotions translated into colours, into sounds, into words of wondrous euphony," such is the description of "Anguish" by its introducer to English readers, Mr. Grein. For proof, here are some passages. "On a lonely bank Juanita sits, dreaming awake. She hears the loud and joyful laughter, tinted with white to orange sounds, amid the placid silence of the night of stars. The humming buzzes in her ears like far-rolling thunder, and the shrill yellow of some louder laugh tears the web of her solitude. Again, as at the first time of their meeting, she feels herself wrapped in the loving adoration of his looks; pale yellow then, growing red now; even a sparkle of purple that causes her pain, as if it burned away the veil of her maidenhood." "And now behold the orange sound of her voice sparkling in his ear." This kind of thing has been done before. Scientists and poets have tried to reduce it to a system, but the results never tally with each other. Its effect in a novel is unfamiliar and, unless we are intimidated by Mr. Grein's scorn of all who are not good enough to appreciate it, we shall perhaps dare to say unsuccessful. The strange thing is that with all its newness and pride in newness it is without affectation. A wild outburst of mad, incoherent emotion rather than a novel is "Anguish"; altogether futile, but with a certain genuineness and a degree of poetry in its futility.

OUR MANIFOLD NATURE. By Sarah Grand. (Heinemann.)

The title here is too big for the contents, and the preface much too high-pitched. A great observer of human kind and its exponent, through the medium of fiction, would have fought shy of a name suggesting so much; or if not, like Balzac would have justified his choice by the strenuous efforts of a lifetime. There is something very far wrong when half-a-dozen second or third-rate stories representing hardly half-a-dozen distinct types of human beings out of a world teeming with differences, wears such a title unblushingly. Then, why a novelist should ever write a preface is not very comprehensible, but at least some care should be taken that it be pitched in the right key. This one here is addressed to some not very intelligent critics who have been greatly concerned as to whether the writer's methods be artistic. She contends, so far as we can understand her not altogether coherent words, that art is what you like to make it. We would respectfully suggest that her theories of art will be of more value when her achievements are a little more, and appeal to her to recognise the true direction of her work instead of using the cant of the day and posing as an "artist" because she writes stories. The artists of the world are few, the story writers, even the good ones, many and much needed. The great success of 'The Heavenly Twins' was a fact full of significance, which cannot be dismissed flippantly on the ground of the bad taste of the public. But its success had nothing to do with artistic reasons. How much of it was owing to popular curiosity on subjects which conventional society has hitherto turned away its face from, is doubtful. Some of it was certainly due to the fact of Madame Grand's distinct capacities for stimulating and leading popular opinion. She takes herself and her mission seriously, not to say solemnly, the first requisite of a teacher; she has the courage of her opinions, which are not too much in advance of the time to make her a social martyr or a voice crying in the wilderness. Why, then, instead of posing as an artist, which certainly leads her into affectations, does not this really talented writer keep singly in view the work for which she is fitted—

that of a social reformer? But too much about a preface, perhaps, before coming to the stories. 'The Yellow Leaf' and 'Eugenia' are both mostly about young women, some of whom have Madame Grand's very excellent ideas about morality, and who accordingly prosper, and one of whom has the conventional idea of society on the subject, and comes to a bad end. Her heroines are exceedingly self-conscious, and their stories are a little dull. There is not a ray of humour anywhere, unless the conversation of the countrywoman of property with the authoress be accounted humorous. "And when you write a book do you put in the stops yourself? Stops and everything! Oh, no! not the stops, of course! All that must be done for you.' But if they are neither amusing nor vivid, their common sense and their morality are excellent. The other stories have no particular motive. 'Boomellen,' a sketch of a semi-idiot, is pathetic; so are 'Ah Man,' the tale of a Chinese vagabond, and 'Janey,' the history of a lame village girl. They have the look of being almost literal reminiscences. They are interesting if crude, and there is much kindly human nature in them. Indeed, were not the title and the preface there to remind us of unjustifiable pretensions it would be easy to give much more unstinted praise to these half-dozen stories.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Anthony Hope's new story is perhaps not a new story. It bears some marks of having been written at an earlier stage than 'Half a Hero' or 'A Change of Air.' There is in it the vivacity of which Mr. Hope has such an abundant and happy fund, but, in addition, a boyish flush of spirits also, and a complacency which we do not find in the other stories. This may, however, be a bad guess on our part. 'The Prisoner of Zenda' has an excellent plot, if you grant that strange and so-called improbable situations can be the base of a good plot. Into the "three months in the life of an English gentleman" were packed many and rare adventures: he was crowned as a king, he played at being a king, and the play was a grim one, and he won the heart of a princess. For all the clatter of swords and the shedding of blood, the fighting scenes seem the weakest. There is a lack of reality about them. One regards them as the dreams of an imaginative boy of what he meant to do rather than tales of actual ghastly experiences. But it is a fine story, nevertheless, full of quick action and dash and chivalry, with a love story in it, too, of true-ringing pathos that mellows the whole into something sympathetic and sweet to the memory.

MARGARET BELLARMINE. By Adeline Sergeant. (Heinemann.)

Miss Sergeant turned over a new leaf in her 'Penitent Soul.' She ought to have turned over still another, or gone back to the old place, for 'Margaret Bellarmine' is written in the strain of the 'Penitent Soul,' but with far weaker inspiration. What was real pathos in the one, natural to its subject, is only low-spiritedness in the other. Margaret's lover is the best-drawn thing in the book. He almost comes near to being a success, and we are only inclined to look a little doubtful, and not to deny altogether the possibility of his so meekly accepting the fate that Margaret dictated to him. Margaret tells the story herself, unfortunately. This means we never have a chance of forgetting her egotism and self-absorption. And it was an artistic fault to make her an egotistical writer of autobiography and a poetess. We can judge a little of her poetry by her self-revelations, and come to the conclusion it must have been poor stuff. What seems to be the motive of the story is to show the unsatisfyingness of free thought, very legitimate, of course, but not achieved convincingly. On the whole, 'Margaret Bellarmine' is a step backward, even from the epoch when Miss Sergeant strove only to tell an entertaining story, and not to reveal souls.

THE COPPERHEAD, and other stories. By Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)

Of the four stories here—stories of the North during the American war—two stand out with great distinction by reason of the good work in them, as well as by their broad spirit of humanity, their dignified pathos, qualities which, however, are only more conspicuous in them than in the others. Mr. Frederic, when he bids you laugh or cry, never lets your grin be a very broad one, nor lets you lose your stout heart. A reticence which is partly that of character and partly of literary style, gives a quiet strength which is not only satisfactory in its result on each performance, but which holds a perpetual promise of something better. 'The Copperhead' rightly takes the first place for its vivid pictures of American country life at a troubled time, seen through the eyes of a young boy bound by gratitude to look with little favour on the northern cause, and by fortune to share in all the discomforts which his 'Copperhead' protector endured with such stubborn dignity at the hands of his right-minded but high-handed neighbours. It flashes understanding on you of the war-scenes away from camps and battle-fields, among those who had sent out their strong sons and stayed at home themselves, troubled, devoted, fanatical, and intolerant. But a story to dwell longer in the memory is 'The War Widow.' Alva Turnbull, the pride of his family, brilliant, distinguished, a warm lover of the northern cause, fell in the war, and the light of his kindred's hearts went out. Serena, the aristocratic wife he had won, was received in mournful distinction by the family, and his old father made a long journey to bring the body home that it might be buried with all honours. But another war victim was allowed little attention. Abel Jones, the husband of Alva's step-sister, had fallen too, but he was only a common soldier and a plebeian, stupid and of no account. Em, his widow, the household drudge, might cry her heart out in secret, but no one would seek his body. She would still work her life out for the household, but there was bitterness in her heart. "They ain't no hundred dollars, no, not so much as fifty cents, for embalmin' *him!* No—*he* could be shovelled in anywhere, or maybe burned up when the woods got on fire that night, the night of the sixth. They ain't no funeral for him—no bells tolled—unless it may be a cow-bell up in the pasture that he hammered out himself." This was all Serena's sympathy was answered with. But a terrible thing happened. The old man had been given, and brought home, not Alva's body, but a stranger's, and wrath and disgust filled the father's soul when he knew. No funeral would be held. Then came Serena's turn. "Isn't this a good time to remember that there was a private soldier who went out from this farm—belonging right to this family—and who, as a private, laid down his life as nobly as General Sedgwick or General Wadsworth, or even our dear Alva, or anyone else? . . . Let us feel that the mistake which has brought this poor stranger to us is God's way of giving us a chance to remember and do honour to Abel Jones. Let him be buried in the family lot up yonder . . . with sympathy in our hearts for the women who, somewhere in the North, are mourning, just as we mourn here, for the stranger there in the red barn."

JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER. By R. E. Francillon. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Let the reader go on in faith, nothing doubting but that Mr. Francillon will unravel the complications of his plot, not without difficulties, it is true, but at least with sufficient success. Some assurance of this kind would have made one reader at least more at his ease amid the labyrinthine ways of the story. He felt bound to make guesses, wild and many, and they were all wrong. Mr. Francillon knows what he is about—at least he gets to know in time, for it is questionable if he finished the story in his head much before he finished it on paper. An over-laboriousness for the reader's entertainment, too many tricks and antic complications, have almost spoilt a good book—good in that all the personages have life, that all are treated with humour, and that the point of view is always original and piquant. Mr. Francillon should rein his invention, which is ingenious but not agile, and give himself to what not many are more fitted for—the construction of a novel of character.

THE MYSTERY OF LANDY COURT. By Fergus Hume. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

The Landy Court mystery baffled the skill of Drage, the great private detective. Indeed, it was complicated enough, but Mr. Hume puts the reader on the right scent early in the story, which is a pity. As there are plots within plots, you cannot, however, thread the maze completely till guidance is given, and so far it is a successful story of its kind. In workmanship it compares very favourably with the average tale of crime and mystery

A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC. By G. Colmore. 3 vols. (Heinemann.)

The difference between poor melodrama and melodrama at its best is so great, that it is not easy to think of 'A Daughter of Music' coming from the hand that wrote 'Concerning Oliver Knox.' 'A Daughter of Music' is still melodrama, nothing more. It depends for its interest on abnormal characters and circumstances, and theatrically expressed emotions. The cool, wholesome light of common day never peers in upon the gesticulations of passion, the grimaces of cynicism, the torturings of cruelty. The temperature is tropical all through; there is always a black thunder-cloud in the sky. There is no every-day gaiety or light-heartedness. One or two fugitives from the commonplace reach the region of poetry: the most wander about in the no-man's land of melodrama, where truth and great emotion sicken and die. But there are lights and scents about that land not wholly to be despised. They can touch and shake your nerves, if not your heart. They have at least a bastard kinship with poetry. And 'A Daughter of Music' is about as good a thing as the melodramatic genius can produce. 'Oliver Knox' was unrelieved ugliness. Dehumanised humanity was paraded and gloated over without a shadow of justifying talent, but this story of the weird power of the most irresponsible of the arts over high-strung lonely natures has beauty and pathos in it, albeit of a quality made chiefly for stage effect. You long for a fresh breeze from a homely, straightforward, human heart; the miserliness of Wichelow, the cold brutality of Paul, the fatal sensibility of Rhoda, the weird sensitiveness of Tony, exhaust you at last. But, at least, they have the power to exhaust you nervously, and not merely to bore you.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MAN AND WOMAN. A Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters. By Havelock Ellis. Contemporary Science Series. (W. Scott.)

This book is the result of investigations undertaken in a strictly scientific and impartial spirit on the physiological and psychological differences and likenesses of men and women. Real inquiry into the matter, based on wide experiment, is of so recent a date that it is far too soon to form conclusions of any value, but Mr. Ellis is *au courant* with all that has been done by scientific investigators in this and other countries, and he notes down their facts and statistics, often contradictory, in a clear and convenient form. On such matters as the growth and development of the body, the weight and size of the brain, the keenness of the senses, physical energy and quickness, the intellectual impulse, his facts have been gathered from many sources, and many of them are so astoundingly at variance with each other as to justify the caution which Mr. Ellis shows in his summary and general inferences. It is a very important addition to popular science on a subject about which all, and especially the most ignorant, love to generalise, and do generalise every day. In face of the social revolution that looks us in the face from the changing relations of men and women, Mr. Ellis bids a timid world keep a calm and hopeful heart. "An exaggerated anxiety lest natural law be overthrown is misplaced. The world is not so insecurely poised. We may preserve an attitude of entire equanimity in the face of social readjustment. Such readjustment is either the outcome of wholesome natural instinct, in which case our social structure will be strengthened and broadened, or it is not; and if not, it is unlikely to become organically ingrained in the species."

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH PRIZE POEMS. Vol. II. (Gibbings.)

Vol. II. of this collection comprises those English poems which have obtained the Chancellor's Gold Medal from 1859 to 1893, excepting such as have at the request of the author been omitted. Now these omissions are precisely the productions of the only poet among the prize-takers, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, who wrote on "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington" in 1861, and on "The Distress in Lancashire" in 1863. Why should he be so shame-faced about his youthful efforts? The list of the other prize-takers comprises some honoured names, but honoured not in poetry, and judging by the efforts as a whole, we have perhaps not lost much in their later metrical silence. The verse is mostly correct, and we gather that the Chancellor likes metres with a good, sound, long tradition behind them, and that the frivolous and the fantastic find no favour in his eyes. It was not a bad idea to publish them, for though they show little spontaneity, they reveal a fairly high level of literary cultivation, and the lowest points of inspiration are not towards this end of the line.

POST-PRANDIAL PHILOSOPHY. By Grant Allen. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Grant Allen has many accomplishments, but he is at his best and gracefullest when he is talking, giving us his opinions of life and modern society in so light, bright, and genial a fashion that we are almost persuaded he is superficial, such is our instinctive national belief in big treatises and solemn dulness. But these after dinner talks, while carried on with due respect to digestion and the work of the day that is past, are stimulating, courageous, suggestive, and humorous, and there is much honest thinking at the back of them. They represent the new journalism modified by brains, gracefulness, and some genius. Mr. Allen's revolutionarism has a smiling, winsome way about it, and even his foes on political and social subjects will hardly quarrel with him. Very possibly he may charm them into at least momentary agreement. He gathers in his subjects from far and near: the American woman, the decline of marriage, his much-loved Celt, hereditary legislation, are some of them, and he is entertaining, suggestive, and generous on all.

RUSKIN ON MUSIC. Edited by A. M. Wakefield. (G. Allen.)

The devoted disciples of Mr. Ruskin have before now put their master in a somewhat absurd position. There is a mawkishness and a fulsomeness about their devotion which is distasteful to all who combine hero worship with intelligence and manliness. This is one of the absurdest of the many Ruskin compilations, and for the absurdity of it Mr. Ruskin is in no way responsible. His words on music are sometimes interesting, if not of any serious value, and often attractively expressed. We are glad to read them as they stand in their own context, where they are given no undue prominence by him. Technically, they are of no account, and as illustrative of other arts, they are not always convincing, but we take them as they come, glad to have an inkling of another of Mr. Ruskin's many interests. But here, separated from their context, the most trivial commented on *ad nauseam*, printed in gigantic type, they have the look of what in their own place they are not, pretentious absurdities. Why do discretion and devotion keep such rare company?

ROMANTIC PROFESSIONS, and other Papers. By W. P. James. (Mathews and Lane.)

The title of the first essay, an amusing examination into the occupations befitting a hero of romance, ingeniously covers the rest of these papers on literary subjects too. Whatever special theoretical bias they have is romantic, though generally Mr. James is a free lance. Among the questions he discusses some are rather trite, to writing folks, at all events, but all are pleasantly set forth—the Historical Novel, On the Naming of Novels, Names in Novels, The Great Work, are some of them. 'The Nemesis of Sentimentalism,' an admirable criticism of 'Madame Bovary,' treating that novel as the inevitable reaction from a romanticism that had lost all touch with life, is by far the most original paper in the collection. 'The Great Work' gives a fine snub to relatives and critics who will not leave authors alone to do what they want to do, and can do, but chivy them with the perpetual notion of their debt to the world in the shape of a *Magnum Opus*. So far, so good; but Mr. James like Mr. Lang takes Gautier as an example of a man who did in spite of daily pot-boiling the best that was in him. Surely if ever there was a man whom journalism oppressed and hindered it was he. Would he in any circumstances, asks Mr. James, have written "any better poetry than *Emaux et Camées*? Perhaps not, but he would have written more. Lack of will was the hindrance, say these critics. But Gautier's temperament, that forbade his

struggling beyond a certain point in a world where he was more than half an alien, was just what gave his tales and poetry their most exquisite charm. Imaginatively he was never exhausted, and he was never indolent. The essays are written in a light, easy, cultivated style. One thing strikes us as remarkable in a day when George Eliot's sun is darkened, the frequency and appreciation with which her creations are quoted as examples.

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE. A Story of the Unseen. By William Canton. 1s. 6d. (Isbister.)

A book to be read—it will certainly be read with sympathy—rather than written about. Description or paraphrase would distort or vulgarise its naïve and delicately sensitive pictures of child life. Death coming between the describer and his memories has brought no morbid air with it. The "Rhymes About a Little Woman" have a daring tender confidence in nonsense which amounts to genius.

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL. By W. P. Ryan.

This is an enthusiastic little volume, breathing hope in the new literary movement in Ireland, and pride in the gifts and graces of those who are leading and joining in it. Yet there is no fulsomeness of praise, and the living personalities, familiar and unfamiliar, with which it deals, are treated with tact and taste. The contribution of Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Todhunter, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, Dr. Hyde, besides that of many others, known and unknown, towards reviving native culture in Ireland, is sketched in an interesting way. The portraits of all the principal partakers in the movement are given. But the feature which most strikes us about the book is its generous recognition of many little known men and women who put their hand to the plough while the work was not yet popular.

STATESMEN PAST AND FUTURE. Reprinted from the *Daily News*. (Cassell.)

These sketches were written for the most part during the last year of Lord Salisbury's second Administration. Their author regards them as ephemeral, but hopes they may still have some interest as "recording the impression of the day." They have more than that value which would merely justify their republication. They are just, modest, thoughtful characterisations, and political friends and foes in reading them will not often have cause to think themselves misunderstood. A slightly alien and incongruous note, an attempt to be flippantly brilliant, is noticeable so seldom as to cause us the more surprise when it occurs.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A FEW.—Quite good enough to be sent out to seek its fortune. Try a minor and domestic magazine by preference.

A. L. O. S.—The journal seems to be fairly well arranged. Its weakest point is the news. A series of local stories, biographies, and traditions, too, might form an attractive feature. Your own contributions are excellent in tone, but the moralising is a little too evident. I don't think you could count on their having marketable value elsewhere.

ARAMINTA.—Not bad. But this sort of thing should be done much more brightly to win acceptance. Of the three kinds of writing you seek advice as to following, stories are much the most likely to be profitable. Light essays or leaderettes of the kind you send would not serve your purpose often unless you were attached to a journal. You have some talent for writing, evidently, but the style of this paper is shaky.

A. W. H.—Very good. Has real charm. There is, I think, a blemish in the third stanza.

CROUCH END.—All of them rather vague. No. 3 is distinctly the best. There is some force in it. No. 4 comes next as having a point. No. 1 is poor in meaning, and No. 2 has an ugly rhythm. Besides, "morning" and "dawning" don't rhyme.

C. W. B.—Sympathetically told. Shows considerable talent for sentimental tale-writing. Somewhat wanting in grit.

DIAL.—Weak lines in No. 1, *e.g.*, l. 3. Too many "when's" and "when now's." Otherwise good. No. 2 is rather poor. I don't quite understand the end. Why should "another pen" tell it? Whose? There are too many pens suggested.

EVERARD SMITH.—A story with an excellent moral, and readable too. It should have a chance of success in a minor magazine for the sake of the matter. The style is not at all literary, being alternately rigid and colloquial.

EXCELSIOR.—Shows feeling and refinement, and a love of intellectual things. Not very strong. You should practise writing on some definite subject in preparation for the profession you think of adopting.

FELIX ALDEN.—Ambitious, but I don't think successful. I am not sure if it would be worth much even if it were successful. But as it is, it won't do. The reader is forced to be a listener in a corner where all the tones and their significance don't reach him.

F. G. B.—It is a rhapsody, not an idyll. You are very fluent, and you have some power over metre, but are not very coherent. The poem is difficult and hard in tone, and reveals little of the mystery you were looking on. But it is not commonplace, and in that lies promise. "Toward it," and "laud it," are bad rhymes.

G. P. P.—For practice in verse, you had better choose a metre and stick to it. What you send is not poetry, but more or less fine language.

HUGH MORE.—These are not songs. It would never occur to anyone to sing them. They are not good verse either, and I cannot advise you to think of publishing them.

JONATHAN JOKER.—Has some distinct originality about it. The situation is good. Work at it a good deal more. First, there are even grammatical errors—*e.g.*, "a lot of money to spend how he liked"—and a great many unnecessarily hard words. Turn all C's explanation into simpler words. No man, speaking from his heart, would use such an expression as "minatory warnings." You gain nothing by coining such a word as "degradement," and "scintillatory," does not serve your purpose better than "sparkling." There is promise in the story.

KIT.—Complimentary verses have very rarely poetic merit. You might write better on another theme, but I can see no promise, either as to thought or expression, in these. "Dial," "trial," "isle," "smile," are awkward rhymes.

LAON.—None of them are more than half made. They are full of random words, random metres, and ellipses. They are the raw material of poetry, good poetry, but it is impossible to give any helpful criticism to them in their present form.

NEMO.—Monotonous and not very musical, *e.g.*, "rosy radiance, swelling gorgeously." But the sentiment is genuine, and there is no rubbish in it.

NINA.—A pretty story, and after the first few sentences, which are clumsy, well written. Send it to a children's magazine.

NORTHERN.—Not good enough. Wanting in point. You should not have depended on the quotations from L. in your report for all the fun. The difficulties you got yourselves into, and your way of escape, should have furnished the amusement, and these are very barely related.

PARISH DOCTOR.—There is real feeling in it, and for that reason it is by no means commonplace. But I don't think you could do anything with it. It has little in form or style to recommend it, and even the elementary rules of composition are often disregarded. It shows an appreciation of the stories in life, but not a power of literary expression.

PHILAMORE.—No. 1, pretty in sentiment, and with a certain grace of its own. But "dawned" and "scorned" don't rhyme. No. 2 is not serious, I gather. If it were I should draw your attention to the failures in metre. No. 3 is full of bad rhymes, and such a worn bit of pessimism wants to be said very well.

PROSPICE.—A good description. A little less Mark Twain would be desirable. It would have a better chance of acceptance, perhaps, if you have photographs or sketches to illustrate it by.

QUANTUM QUORUM.—Better written than such things often are. You have some gift for light writing. But the story falls between two stools, nevertheless. It attempts to be funny or farcical, and to be picturesquely descriptive at the same time, and it does not altogether succeed in being either.

RAY DEENE.—Very carefully written, and, in its way, very pretty. I have no alterations to suggest. It is not a kind of literature welcomed by editors as a rule. Try, by preference, for admission to a woman's paper.

RITA.—Rather conventional, but the verse is good enough. A parish magazine would probably accept it at the appropriate season.

THANKS.—I don't think this kind of thing would be accepted. The sentiments are admirable, but they are mostly truisms, and not particularly well expressed. They are not bright and effective enough to pass for aphorisms, and they don't pursue the subject continuously enough to form an essay. By-the-bye, even in a mere surmise, it is as well not to be guilty of anachronisms—*e.g.*, p. 3.

TONIC.—There is some point in it. But it is all very commonplace.

It has no acting qualities, and probably you didn't mean it to have. As a story it might possibly get admission to a minor newspaper or weekly journal.

UNIO.—There are good points in it, though all save the scene between B. and his wife is written in a rather slipshod way. The badgering of B. is very vague, and it is difficult to understand what there was about him that tempted the persecution. It needs rewriting in parts. Then you might offer it in an unambitious direction.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BONHAM, J. M.—Secularism, Its Progress and Morals, 7/6....Putnams

BUCKLAND, A. R.—The Heroic in Missions, 1/6.....Isbister
[*Contains many heroic tales of struggle, and enterprise, and martyrdom in China, Africa, and Hindostan. The book is carefully and attractively written, and its facts are a strong appeal for support to foreign missions.*]

CROOKALL, Rev. L.—Topics in the Tropics ..... Stock
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3. A Cup of Cold Water. By J. Morlais Jones. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. The Psalms at Work. By Rev. Marson. 6s. (Stock.)
5. Vox Clamantium. The Gospel of the People. 12s. (Innes.)
6. Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen)

Things seem on the mend. Really good books sell well, especially on social subjects. The sermons preached at Edmund, King and Martyr, in Lombard Street, during Lent, have aroused an interest in such works as Kidd's 'Social Evolution,' 'Vox Clamantium,' 'Lombard Street in Lent,' and 'Christ and Economics.' The last work, issued by the Kelmscott Press, is selling well, and collectors are writing for vellum copies.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
2. To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
3. Man's Place in Nature. By J. H. Huxley. 5s. (Macmillan.)
4. Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
5. Esther Waters. By Geo. Moore. 6s. (Walter Scott.)
6. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s (T. Fisher Unwin.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. The Temple Shakespeare.
2. Weyman: A Gentleman of France.
3. Corelli: Barabbas.
4. Kidd: Social Evolution.
5. Edna Lyall: To Right the Wrong
6. Huxley's Collected Works.

MANCHESTER.

1. Benson's Dodo.
2. Crockett's Raiders.
3. The Yellow Book.
4. Kidd's Social Evolution.
5. Hardy's Life's Little Ironies.
6. Mulliner's Mornings with Twitty.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Barabbas. 6s.
2. The Raiders. 6s.
3. Big Game Shooting. 21s.
4. Border Waverley. 2 vols. 12s.
5. To Right the Wrong. 6s.
6. Gentleman of France. 6s.

BRADFORD.

1. The Kingdom of God, etc. By Tolstoi. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Scott.)
2. The Raiders. By Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)
3. Parish Councils Act and Handbooks.
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
5. To Right the Wrong. By Lyall. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
6. Barabbas. By Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

BURNLEY.

1. The Heavenly Twins. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Ships that Pass in the Night. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
3. Huxley's Collected Works. 5s. (Macmillan.)
4. Moule's Romans (Expositor's Bible). 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
5. Braddon's All Along the River. 2s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)
6. Creasy's Decisive Battles of the World. 1s. net. (Bentley.)

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. Heavenly Twins, Sarah Grand.
2. The Raiders, by Crockett.
3. The Stickit Minister, by Crockett.
4. Our Manifold Nature, Sarah Grand.
5. To Right the Wrong, by Edna Lyall.
6. Barabbas, by Marie Corelli.

HULL.

1. Heavenly Twins. 6s.
2. Weyman's Man in Black. 3s. 6d.
3. Lyall's To Right the Wrong. 6s.
4. Mrs. Wood's Novels. 3s. 6d.
5. Zola's Works. 3s. 6d.
6. Barrie's Novels. 6s.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Supernatural in Christianity. Lectures by Principal Rainy, Professor Marcus Dods, and John Orr, in reply to Professor Pfleiderer. 2s. (T. & T. Clark.)
2. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
3. The Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade. Various editions. (Chatto & Windus.)
4. Border Talisman and Betrothed. 12s. (J. C. Nimmo.)
5. Margrédel. By D. Storrar Meldrum. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Son.)
6. The Hon. Stanbury and others. By Two. 1s. 6d. and 2s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

GLASGOW.

1. Denney's Second Corinthians (Expositor's Bible). 7s. 6d.
2. The Raiders. By Crockett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
3. Darkness and Dawn. By Farrar. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. Bright Celestials. By John Coming Chinaman. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)
5. James Gilmour and his Boys. By Richard Lovett. 2s. 6d. (Tract Society.)
6. Pleasant Places. Words to the Young. By Rev. Dr. R. S. Duff. 1s. 6d. (Glasgow: Oliphant.)

ABERDEEN.

1. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
2. Waverley Novels, Border edn. The Betrothed," 1 vol.; Talisman, 1 vol. 6s. each.
3. Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. Cheap edn. 1s. net.
4. The Liquor Laws for Scotland. By Dewar. Second edn. 10s. 6d. net.
5. Hort's The Way, the Truth, the Life. 6s.
6. The Resurrection of the Dead. By Rev. Dr. Milligan. 4s. 6d.

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1. Nithsdale Illustrated. By Peter Gray. 7s. 6d.
2. Espinasse's Reminiscences. 12s.
3. Nichol's Carlyle. Edition-de-Luxe. 1s.
4. Burning Bush, etc. By the Bishop of Ripon. 3s. 6d.
5. Hocking's One in Charity.
6. Lyall's To Right the Wrong. 6s.

DUBLIN.

1. The Jacobite War in Ireland. By Charles O'Kelly. 1s. (Sealy Bryers.)
2. Pat o' Nine Tales. By Bodkin. 2s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
3. A Cluster of Nuts. By Katharine Tynan (Hinkson). 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
4. The Comedy of English Protestantism By H. F. Marshall. 4s. (Benziger, Burns & Oates.)
5. All Along the River. By Miss Braddon.
6. The Beauties of Nature. By Lubbock. 1s. (Macmillan.)

TRADE NOTES.

LIVERPOOL.

This has been the most quiet month this year, and in second-hand books very little is being done. Divinity sells steadily here; poetry, etc, stagnant. Collectors' hobbies are to a great extent at rest during this season, and little business is done in modern first editions, with the exception of Stevenson and Lang. Everything dull.

Some of the Liverpool booksellers desire, in view of the present attitude of the London Booksellers' Society, that some action should be taken over the discount question in the shape of memorializing the book-traders themselves rather than the unfortunate publishers.

LONDON, W.C.
(*Second-hand.*)

The business in first editions of modern authors (more especially those with humorous illustrations) is certainly brisk, and fine copies are certainly getting dearer and rarer every day.

LONDON, E.C.
(*Second-hand.*)

The second-hand trade has somewhat improved since Christmas, though not quite up to normal condition yet, but a steady progress. A fair demand for educational books, biographies, and works pertaining to the Roman Catholic controversy.

HASTINGS.

Trade is not over brisk, but there is a steady demand for the leading new works of fiction. 'Dodo,' 'Heavenly Twins,' and 'Barabbas' are still selling well, although the library demand for the first two named has considerably decreased. For heavier literature there is little sale at present.

YORK.

During the past month there has been an increased demand for scientific, topographical, and antiquarian works. Mr. Watts, bookseller, etc., has removed from 11, Bridge Street to 13, Michlegate, and Mr. W. Sessions, of 15, Low Ousegate, will shortly change for 30, Coney Street.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

The 6s. and 3s. 6d. novels are now giving place to 1s. and 2s., and this change will continue throughout the summer. Guide books and maps are being enquired for.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

JOHN ADAMS, 49, ALFORD STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

Brassey's Annual for 1892
Baldwin Latham's Sanitary Engineering.

C. T. ALLEE, 139, HIGH ST., NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Robertson's History of the Christian Church.
Nicholson's Dictionary of Gardening.
Tomkins' Tour in Isle of Wight.
Raye's Tour in Isle of Wight.
Calvert's Views.

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH ST., WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Golf, Badminton, second-hand.
Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Highland Widow, 1st edition.
Laird's Jock, 1st edition.
Fair Maid of Perth, 1st edition.
Count Robert of Paris, 1st edition.
Surgeon's Daughter, 1st edition.
Castle Dangerous, 1st edition.
Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, 1st edition.

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Aird's Old Bachelor.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Ramage's Drumlanrig and the Douglases.
" Douglas on the Field of Otterburn.
Butler's Catharine of Sienna.
Anderson (Surfaceman), Two Angels, etc.
Moorland Rhymes, cheap.
Gardner's Quatre Bras.

APEL'S LIBRARY, HASTINGS.

Twenty Years in the Lews.
Chichester Smugglers.
Cooper's Winchelsea.
Any old works or documents on Hastings previous to 1800.

J. BAKER & SON, CLIFTON.

Any works on Temperance.

R. R. BALFOUR, MONTROSE, N.B.

Borrow's Works, complete set, including Gipsies in Spain.
Thackeray's Complete Works.
Carlyle's Frederick the Great, library edition.

B. T. BATSFORD, 94, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Burdett's Hospitals and Asylums.
British Association Reports, 1892.
Street's Gothic Architecture in Spain.
Crowe and Cavalcaselle.
Painting in North Italy, 3 vols.
Civil Engineers' Proceedings, any early vols.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

The Freethinker for 1890-1-2, 3 vols.
Bryant's Dictionary of Painters.
Hume Nisbet, Catalogue of Pictures by, Edinburgh.
Freemasonry, anything old, Charters, Books, Medals, etc, anything please report.
Botany: Prantyl and Vine, and Bowers.
Zoology: Marshall and Hurst's, Packards.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Jardine's Natural Library, Ornithology, vol. 13.
Robinson's Mansions in Herefordshire, 4to.
Dingley's History from Marble, 2 vols., Camden Society.
Milman's Savonarola, etc.
Pearce's The Violin, etc.
Kinglake's Crimea, vol. 4, 8vo.
Pilkington's Voyages, 4to, vol. 9.
Surtee's Durham, vols. 1 to 3.
Doyle's Strange Secrets, 1889.
Paul and Virginia, Sharpe's edition.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS, ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Lives of the Saints, parts 1 and 4.
Charles O'Malley, 1857, vol. 2.
Valpy's Shakespeare, vols. 12 to 15.
Angelo: L'Ecole des Armes, 1765.
Comical History of Francion.
Lucian, translated by Spence.
Thos. Taylor, any works by.
Freemasonry, any books on.
Byrne's Flemish Interiors.
Folk-Lore, books treating on.
Bibliography, anything.

W. H. A. COWELL, ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, OXFORD.

Collins: A Cruise upon Wheels.
Seebohm: Siberia in Asia.
" Siberia in Europe.
R. Bridges: Promotheus the Firegiver.
The Builder, number containing Restoration of Ancient Oxford, 1892 (2 copies).

R. INGALTON DRAKE, ETON.

McAlpine's Botanical Atlas, vol 1.
Thorburn's Coins, Upcott Gill.
Wooster's Alpine Plants, 1st series, green cloth, publisher's binding.
Lanciani's Pagan and Christian Rome, second-hand.
Shirley's Deer Parks, £2 offered.
Cavalry Drill, vol. 2, 2 copies.

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Robertson Smith's Prophets of Israel.
Hare's Walks in London, 2 vols.
Corpus Poeticum Boreale, 2 vols.
Woodward and Burnet's Heraldry, 2 vols.
Swainson's The Greek Liturgies.
Hammond's Ancient Liturgies.
Warren's Liturgy of Celtic Church.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Scott's Novels and Romances, vol. 1, 870, Constable, 1824.
Sporting Magazine, vols. 4 to 31 (1795-1807), vol. 41 (1813), vol. '45 (1815) to vol. 63 (1823-4), vols. 65 and 66; 1845, and any after.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.

Badminton Library, L.P., set.
Morris's Epic of Hades, 1882.
" Songs of Two Worlds, 1882.
Van Laun's History of French Literature, 3 vols.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols.
Howell's Tuscan Cities.
"Brakespeare," "Anteris," 1 vol. editions.
King Florus, Kelmscott Press.
Burke's General Armoury, 1884.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Henderson's (T. S) Memorials of John Venning.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, W.

Folkard's Wildfowler, 1875, 8vo.
Poems by George Meredith.
Shelley, 1st editions, uncut, high prices.
Pennell's Pen Drawing, folio.
Poems by Currer Bell, 1846.
Far from Madding Crowd, 1st edition.
R. L. Stevenson, 1st editions, any.
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Norman Gale, 1st editions, any.
The Lover's Tale, 1833.
The Victim, 1867.
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Any tiny books. Quote measurement.
Rawlinson's Sixth Oriental Monarchy.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY, LANCS.

Eliot's Adam Bede, 3 vols., 1st edition, uncut for binding.
Any Books with Baxter's Coloured Oil Prints.
Special Exhibition Catalogue of Stringed Instruments, 1872-3, South Kensington.
Any Sizing or Textile Works.
Annandale's Dictionary, 4 vols.
Dickens (C.D.E.), cheap set, well bound.

J. MACLAREN, BANK STREET, ABERFELDY.

Manual de Fonografia Espanola (Spanish Phonography) (Pitman).

MATTHEWS & BROOKE, BRADFORD.

Bryce's American Commonwealth, 1st edn.
Schopenhauer's World as Will and Idea.
Clarke's Steam and Steam Engine.
Pike on Covetousness.
Pugilistica.
Magazine of Art, October, 1889.
Picturesque Europe, division 2.
Westcott's History of the English Bible.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Ackermann's Repository, vols. 1 to 20.
Age of Bronze, Poem, 8vo pamphlet, 1823.
Ainsworth's Novels, early editions, in numbers or cloth.
Alken: Prints or Books illustrated by Alken.
Archæologia Cantiana, odd vols.
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The Little Child's Book of Divinity (Nisbet).

PARRY & CO., 20, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.
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Browning, R., Works, 1st editions.
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E. R. ROPER, 3, ST. NICHOLAS STREET, SCARBOROUGH.
Royal Academy Pictures, parts 1, 2, and 4, 1893.
A. C. Benson's Poems.

J. W. RUDDOCK, 253, HIGH STREET, LINCOLN.
Burke's Landed Gentry, 7th edition.
1 Trollope's Captivity of John King of France in Somerton Castle.
1 Trollope's The Roman Ermine Street.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Dundonald's Autobiography of a Seaman, vol. 2, 1860.
Ward's Mexico.
Etheridge's Syrian Churches.
Finney's Theology, several.
Husenbeth's Emblems of Saints, 1850.
Fuller's (Thos.) Life, by J. E. Bailey.

WALTER T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Edgeworth (M.), any 1st editions, uncut.
Pickwick Papers, part 6, 1837.
Lever's Rent in a Cloud, green cloth, N.D., 1869.
Men of Character, 1838, vol. 1, uncut.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, 69, TRUMPINGTON ST., CAMBRIDGE.
Trollope's Vicar of Wrexhill, Front. and pp. 1 and 2.
Reed's Shakespeare, vol. 8, 1820.
Spectator, vol. 1, 8vo, 1797.
Butt's Italy, vol. 1, 1860.
Matthew Prior's Poetical Works, vol. 2, 12mo, Jones, 1825.
Page's Acts of the Apostles.
Monro's Lucretius, 3 vols.
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Story of Little Dombey, 1848.
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Any of Rider Haggard's.

WHITTAKER & WILLIAMS, ROYAL VICTORIA LIBRARY, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
History of France, Kitchin, second-hand.
Constitutional History, Rannie.
Field, vols. 1860-1.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS.
Marcus Clarke's Long Odds.
Baily's Magazine, Jan., 1893.
John Morley's Works (Eversley ed.)
Philip's Illustrated Geology of Yorkshire, part 1, 1836.
Browne's History of the Highlands, 1834, 4 vols.
Forum, March-April, 1892.
Health, vol. 3, and April-June, 1891.
Tailor and Cutter, January, March, and April, 1892.
Library, January-September, 1891.
Library Review, August-December, 1892.
Academy, Index, 1892.
Slater's Library Manual, last edition.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

JOHN ADAMS, 49, ALFORD STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.
For sale (at present out of print at publisher's) Thompson's Dynamo Electric Machinery, 4th edition, 1891.

S. J. CLARKE, 7, MILTON ROAD, GRAVESEND.
Nos. 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 of Strand Magazine, 1891.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, 69, TRUMPINGTON ST., CAMBRIDGE.
Illustrated London News, various vols, 1s. each.
Salmon's Universal Traveller, 2 vols., calf, folio, maps and illustrations, 35s.
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